

*The*  
IDEAL CATHOLIC  
READERS



FIFTH READER

Edw T 759, 15, 576



50



3 2044 081 498 511



THE IDEAL CATHOLIC READERS

---

# FIFTH READER

BY

A SISTER OF ST. JOSEPH

AUTHOR OF THE "IDEAL SOUND EXEMPLIFIER,"  
THE "IDEAL CATHOLIC PRIMER," ETC.

New York

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

1916

*All rights reserved*

Educ. T 759.15.576



**Nihil Obstat**

**PATRICK J. WATERS, Ph.D.,**  
*Censor Librorum.*

**Imprimatur**

✠ **WILLIAM CARDINAL O'CONNELL,**  
*Archbishop of Boston.*

**February 21, 1916.**

**COPYRIGHT, 1916,**  
**BY THE MACMILLAN COMPANY.**

**Set up and electrotyped. Published September, 1916.**

**Norwood Press**  
**J. S. Cushing Co. — Berwick & Smith Co.**  
**Norwood, Mass., U.S.A.**

## PREFACE

A BRIEF examination of the previous books of "The Ideal Catholic Series" will show how carefully and scientifically they have been prepared to meet the intellectual growth of the children of the first, second, third, and fourth grade. From the primer to the fourth reader, there is a gradual and natural progress which tends to draw out and develop the intellectual faculties of the child as well as to foster in him a love for reading. Moreover, the content of each reader cannot help developing the many virtues which go to make up the loyal citizen and the practical Catholic.

The author has taken special pains to avoid making the grade work too difficult ; for experience proves that text books beyond the comprehension of the pupil are responsible for the inattention of many school children and for a large number of the dullards.

The present book, which is to be used in the fifth grade, introduces the children to masterpieces of literature. Most of the selections have been taken from authors whose standing in the literary world is unquestioned. They are teeming with life, vigor, and adventure. They are filled with mental pictures which must appeal strongly to the childhood of our country.

Many of the stories and poems serve to pave the way for the important study of history. They interest the children in historical characters and national events.

Not less prominent in the reader are the lessons devoted to good citizenship and patriotism. It was never more necessary than it is to-day to give our boys and girls a true and an abiding love for their country. On their shoulders, as the men and the women of the future, will rest the preservation and perpetuation of our republic. We are unworthy of our birth-right if we fail to give to our children the training necessary to make them loyal and self-sacrificing citizens.

Realizing that one of the best sources of good literature is the Bible, the author has taken freely from its pages, and, when possible, the exact words of the Douay Version have been given. The simple and direct diction of the Sacred Text is sure to leave its impress on the minds of the children.

The poetical selections in this reader are calculated to appeal very strongly to the child-mind. They are neither too abstruse nor profound. They deal with themes from which the pupils with a little effort can get delightful mental pictures. They help to give the children a proper appreciation of poetry.



## TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE PRESENCE OF GOD . . . . .	Mrs. Hermann Bosch 13
THE NEW-YEAR BABE . . . . .	Rev. John B. Tabb 21
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN . . . . .	Dorothy Donnell Calhoun 23
BABY'S DIMPLES . . . . .	Rev. John B. Tabb 32
THE FLOWER OF LIBERTY . . . . .	O. W. Holmes 38
A GREAT JESUIT MISSIONARY . . . . .	35
THE GOOD SHEPHERD . . . . .	The New Testament 41
MY MOTHER . . . . .	Rev Abram J. Ryan 44
LITTLE FRED WOLFF . . . . .	François Coppée 45
COLUMBUS . . . . .	Archbishop Spalding 53
GOD'S HOME . . . . .	Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S.J. 54
A BOY WHO WAS WANTED . . . . .	X. Y. Z. 55
ST. ROSE OF LIMA . . . . .	A Sister of St. Dominic 63
THE BLUEBIRD . . . . .	Emily H. Miller 66
THE BIRD BOY . . . . .	Dorothy Donnell Calhoun 67
TRUST IN GOD . . . . .	X. Y. Z. 74
MAY DAY . . . . .	Rev. Michael Earls, S.J. 80
JOSUE . . . . .	The Book of Josue 82
I WANDERED LONELY AS A CLOUD . . . . .	William Wordsworth 92
THE UNKNOWN PAINTER . . . . .	X. Y. Z. 94
PRAYER FOR RISING . . . . .	Lady Georgiana Fullerton 98
THE LAST JUDGMENT . . . . .	The New Testament 99
MINNIE'S CHRISTMAS SERMON . . . . .	Eleanor C. Donnelly 102
JOE GREEN AND BLACK BEAUTY . . . . .	Anna Sewell 109

	PAGE
SAMSON . . . . .	<i>The Old Testament</i> 114
THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH . . . . .	<i>Henry W. Longfellow</i> 119
THE SHAMROCK . . . . .	<i>Maurice Francis Egan</i> 122
THE APOSTLE OF IRELAND . . . . .	124
HEROES . . . . .	<i>Denis A. McCarthy</i> 129
GEORGE WASHINGTON . . . . .	130
AMERICAN HYMN . . . . .	<i>M. Keller</i> 135
LAZARUS . . . . .	<i>The New Testament</i> 137
THE THOUGHT OF GOD . . . . .	<i>Rev. Frederick W. Faber</i> 142
THE LEGEND OF WILLIAM TELL . . . . .	<i>James S. Knowles</i> 143
THE SONG OF THE HOLLY . . . . .	<i>William Shakespeare</i> 156
PONCE DE LEON . . . . .	<i>Mara L. Pratt</i> 157
THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS . . . . .	<i>Henry W. Longfellow</i> 161
HARRY'S CONTRIBUTION . . . . .	<i>Eliza Allen Starr</i> 166
ROBIN REDBREAST . . . . .	<i>William Allingham</i> 176
DAVID AND GOLIATH . . . . .	<i>The Old Testament</i> 178
BREAKING A HABIT . . . . .	<i>John Boyle O'Reilly</i> 183
THE ST. CECILIA OF UPPER PETER . . . . .	<i>S. Ward</i> 184
THE FLAG . . . . .	<i>Rev. C. C. Pise, D.D.</i> 194
HOW UNCLE PODGER HUNG A PICTURE . . . . .	<i>Jerome K. Jerome</i> 197
A CANADIAN BOAT SONG . . . . .	<i>Thomas Moore</i> 203
BROTHERLY LOVE . . . . .	<i>Rev. Cornelius J. Holland, S.T.L.</i> 204
THE CHILDREN'S APPEAL . . . . .	<i>Mary Howitt</i> 209
THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON . . . . .	<i>David Wyss</i> 211
THE MONTH OF MARY . . . . .	<i>Cardinal Newman</i> 230
"WHO WENT ABOUT DOING GOOD" . . . . .	<i>Mother Mary Loyola</i> 232
THE STORMY PETREL . . . . .	<i>Barry Cornwall</i> 234
THE MISSING PAGES . . . . .	<i>X. Y. Z.</i> 236
THE LITTLE BROTHER . . . . .	<i>Alice Cary</i> 247
CHRIST HEALS THE SICK . . . . .	<i>The New Testament</i> 249
THE NAMES OF OUR LADY . . . . .	<i>Adelaide A. Procter</i> 250
TWO MESSAGES . . . . .	<i>Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J.</i> 254

	<b>PAGE</b>
ON A SHEEP RANCH . . . . .	<i>James F. Chamberlain</i> 255
WOOLEN CLOTH AND CLOTHING . . . . .	<i>James F. Chamberlain</i> 260
THE BETTER LAND . . . . .	<i>Felicia D. Hemans</i> 264
JESUS HEALS TWO BLIND MEN . . . . .	<i>The New Testament</i> 266
TO THE CUCKOO . . . . .	<i>William Wordsworth</i> 268
THE TRUTH-SPEAKER . . . . .	<i>Miss Crompton</i> 270
CHILD OF NAZARETH . . . . .	<i>Rev. John B. Tabb</i> 275
A BOY'S SONG . . . . .	<i>James Hogg</i> 276
THE YOUNG ARTIST . . . . .	<i>Nathaniel Hawthorne</i> 278
JESUS PREDICTS HIS PASSION . . . . .	<i>The New Testament</i> 288



## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

THE selections from James Russell Lowell, John Greenleaf Whittier, Henry W. Longfellow, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Celia Thaxter, Alice Cary are used by permission of, and special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Co., authorized publishers of their works.

For permission to use copyrighted material, grateful acknowledgment is also made to Longmans, Green & Co., for "The Presence of God," taken from "Toddles," by Mrs. Hermann Bosch; to Small, Maynard & Co., for "The New-Year Babe," by the Rev. John B. Tabb; to A. C. McClurg & Co., for "Columbus," by Archbishop Spalding, for "The Shamrock," by Maurice Francis Egan; to The Macmillan Company, for "The Bird Boy," by Dorothy Donnell Calhoun; to E. P. Dutton & Co. for "The Blue Bird," by Emily H. Miller; to Benziger Brothers for "May Day," by the Rev. Michael Earls, S.J.; to Little, Brown & Co., for "Heroes," by Denis A. McCarthy; to D. C. Heath & Co., for "Ponce de Leon," taken from "America's Story," by Mara L. Pratt; to Harper & Brothers, for an extract from "Swiss Family Robinson," by David Wyss; to the Congregation of the Mission of St. Vincent de Paul, for an extract from "Jesus of Nazareth," by Mother Mary Loyola; to the Rev. Cornelius J. Holland, S.T.L., for an extract from "The Divine Story"; to Eleanor Cecilia Donnelly, for "Minnie's Christmas Sermon"; to a Sister of St. Dominic, for "St. Rose of Lima"; to Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S.J., for "God's Home."



**FOR THE GREATER  
HONOR AND GLORY  
OF GOD**



OMNIPRESENCE OF CHRIST

*Hofmann.*



## THE PRESENCE OF GOD

Toddles      presided      embarrassment      splendid  
                 tiniest                   necessary                   arranges

TODDLES, lying very still but with wide open eyes in her crib, was lost in thought. Nurse was out at a party, and mother presided alone in the dark nursery. Nurse was very good, and Toddles loved her. But mother was different. Toddles loved mother so much that she could never make words mean enough. And if Toddles was the great asker of questions, mother was surely the best one in the world to answer; particularly in the quiet, dim nursery where Toddles had mother all to herself, just sitting there to be with her little girl, and ready to talk about whatever was troubling, hurting, or interesting Toddles.

“Mother,” said Toddles suddenly, “what is the Presence of God?”

Mother stirred slightly, a bit surprised that Toddles had caught this expression.

“What do you think it means, little one?”

“I do not know, mother. Only it seems to me it is not the kind of presents you give me for Christmas. Is it, mother?”

“No, dear. The Presence of God means the fact of God being with us, always and in all places.

Do you not see, Toddles, I am present with you now?"

Toddles continued to think. She was a truthful child, and not too proud to say she did not understand. Some little people are afraid of being considered dull, if they tell the truth and say they do not understand things. Those small boys and girls are to be pitied. Mother would be very sad if Toddles acted that way. So mother waited patiently while Toddles thought the matter over.

"Yes," came Toddles' answer at last; "it is easy enough to know you are here, mother dear. But God —" Toddles paused in embarrassment.

"Well," encouraged mother.

"You see," said Toddles, with a grave air of apology, "God is so different from mothers!"

Mother patted the puzzled little head.

"Now listen, Toddles. You know mother is with you as much of the time as she can manage."

"Yes, mother."

"And you know mother wishes she might be with you all the time. But she cannot. There are duties to be done, people mother must meet, the house to manage, even little Toddles' clothes to buy and see about. Every day there are many, many matters to keep mother busy away from you. So there are

hours and hours when only mother's love and prayers can be with her little girl. At such times, mother herself is not present."

Mother paused till she heard a soft little —

"Yes, mother."

"For instance, at night, mother comes to look at you in your sleep, to kiss you and say a little prayer, and then mother has to fall asleep herself. The day's work is over, and mother, like Toddles, is tired and would be sick if she could not sleep. During the time mother is fast asleep, she cannot watch you, care for you, or help you."

Toddles grasped mother's hand more tightly; she did not like the picture of mother being unable to take care of her.

"This is the way it is with mother. All her love and interest for you cannot make it possible for her to be always with you, always guarding you and looking out for you. Only God can be present in every place and at all times. When mother is downtown, or out in the country, or busy in her room, or fast asleep, God is here with Toddles. When the lights are out and the whole world is resting with closed eyes, God watches my little girl, exactly the same as in the light and bustle of the day. There is a beautiful line in one of the Psalms, Toddles, — "

"What are the Psalms, mother, please?" Toddles interrupted. "I know they are in the Bible, but what are they?"

"They are what we might call the Songs of the great King David. A Psalm is a kind of prayer and hymn combined. David himself wrote most of them, and many of the rest were written for him. The Jews had a word in their language for Psalms, meaning 'Hymns of Praise.' But I like to remember the prayer part, because they are both wonderful and beautiful prayers if we think about them. Well, Toddles, in one of those splendid Psalms there is a line like this: 'The Lord is the Keeper of little ones.' Does not that give you some idea of His Presence with you? He is keeping you, little one."

"No matter where I am, or what I am doing?" said Toddles slowly.

"Exactly. It is strange, darling, that we ever forget this great but simple fact. Whether we laugh or cry, pray or play, sleep or work, we are always in the Presence of God. Always in the company of our heavenly Father, always under the eyes of our dear Jesus. God is watching you, Toddles, much more perfectly than mother with all her love can watch you. To remember that we are in His sight, to try to understand what it means to pass our lives near Him, is

called attending to the Presence of God. Have I explained it to you, Toddles?"

"I think so, mother. It means that God is in my nursery, and I must always be polite to Him. It is not polite to forget visitors, mother. If I went visiting and people forgot me, I would go home again."

"That is it, dear. But there is one of the great differences between what is possible for human beings to do, and something else which it is impossible for them to do. Toddles, you could leave any person on earth sooner or later. But you can never leave the Presence of God. As the Bible tells us, we can never flee from Him. At the top of the highest mountain, or at the bottom of the sea, there is no spot where God is not. Nothing is unknown to our heavenly Father, nothing is hidden from Him, because He is present in all places. If the tiniest child in the world did something which it wished kept a secret, the child might be able to hide the secret from father, mother, teacher, and nurse. But God would know. He knows our best thoughts and our kindest actions, our little pains, aches, and disappointments, and He knows our worst faults, too."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Toddles.

"But He knows how hard it is sometimes to be good, darling. He loves us tenderly and wants us to love

Him. He never expects too much of us. When we have done what displeases Him, when we have acted in a manner unbecoming His Presence, if we are sorry and ask Him to forgive us, He always will. He is the King of kings and Creator of heaven and earth, but He is also our heavenly Father. He is never tired; He never sleeps; and His care surrounds us every instant of our lives. You see, Toddles, to realize the Presence of God is to begin to have something of heaven while we still live in this world. The angels see God always; so do the souls in heaven. They are forever praising God, face to face. We know He is present with us; they both know and see that Presence. So if Toddles and I remember God is with us, we are taking the part in the service the angels give Him."

"Will the angels help us to be very polite to our heavenly Father?"

"Yes, dear. We will ask our Guardian Angels to adore Him with us — and for us, all the long night while we are asleep."

"Mother, you say sometimes, 'I wish I need never have you out of my sight,' don't you?"

"I believe I do, dear. Why?"

"Because, you do not want me out of your sight, and God never has me out of His sight."

"Quite right. And God's sight is the necessary one,

the one that can keep my little girl from every danger. He sees not only Toddles, but everything that can do her good or harm. And knowing everything, He arranges our lives the best way for us to serve Him. Mother cannot control all the little things that make up Toddles' days. Why, even the weather sometimes changes our plans!"

"Yes," said Toddles regretfully; "twice when it rained we could not have our picnic."

"Although we were all prepared," laughed the mother. "That is what I mean. We make our plans, but God manages our lives. Sometimes He permits our plans to succeed, other times He shows us, perhaps, in even very little matters, that His Will is not the same as ours."

"But He knows why," said Toddles thoughtfully.

"Yes, He always knows why, and in heaven we shall know. Are you very sleepy, Toddles?"

"Not so very sleepy," returned Toddles, charmingly uncertain. "There was something else, mother. Tell me before I close my eyes tight. It was about 'delight' and 'children.'"

"I know what you mean. It is God's side of the 'Presence.' He says: 'My delight is to be with the children of men.'"

"Yes, that is it. God is glad to be here — with

Toddles." And the eyelids closed with a happy sigh.

— MRS. HERMANN BOSCH.

### NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Name and tell about the different characters in this story. Where did this conversation take place? Can you explain what is meant by the "Presence of God"? What is a psalm? Where are the psalms found? What did the psalm mentioned in this story say? What is meant by attending to the "Presence of God"? What is the lesson taught by this story? What chapter of your Catechism speaks about this subject?

The foregoing lesson will serve as a model to show how the great truths of our holy religion may be attractively explained to the children.

### A DESIRE

O to have dwelt in Bethlehem  
When the star of the Lord shone bright !  
To have sheltered the holy wanderers  
On that blessèd Christmas night ;  
To have kissed the tender, wayworn feet  
Of the Mother undefiled,  
And, with reverent wonder and deep delight,  
To have tended the Holy Child !

— ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.



## THE NEW-YEAR BABE

height      sere

Two together, Babe and Year,  
At the midnight chime,  
Through the darkness drifted here  
To the coast of Time.

Two together, Babe and Year,  
Over night and day  
Crossed the desert Winter drear,  
To the land of May.

On together, Babe and Year,  
Swift to Summer passed ;  
“Rest a moment, Brother dear,”  
Said the Babe at last.

“Nay, but onward,” answered Year,  
“We must farther go ;  
Through the Vale of Autumn sere  
To the Mount of Snow.”

Toiling upward, Babe and Year  
Climbed the frozen height.  
“We may rest together here,  
Brother Babe — Good-night !”

Then together Babe and Year  
Slept ; but ere the dawn,  
Vanishing, I know not where,  
Brother Year was gone !

— REV. JOHN B. TABB.

### NOTES AND QUESTIONS

In which stanza does the poet speak of the birth of the New Year? How does he mention and describe the four seasons? What is the meaning of the last stanza?

Have the children reproduce this story first orally and then in writing.

### DRILL ON "eth"

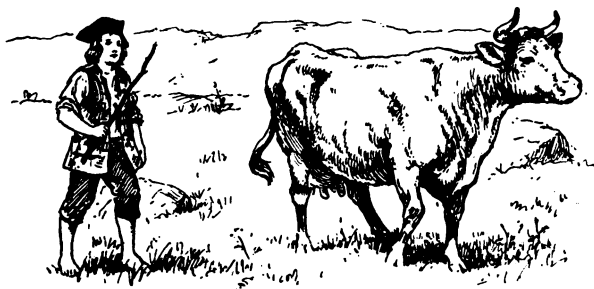
comes or cometh	cries or crieth
goes or goeth	flies or flieth
falls or falleth	feeds or feedeth
knows or knoweth	gives or giveth
loves or loveth	lives or liveth
sees or seeth	sails or saileth
brings or bringeth	strives or striveth

MOTHER of God ! He broke thy heart  
That it might wider be,  
That in the vastness of its love  
There might be room for me.

— REV. F. W. FABER.

## BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

machines      buckled      pasture      criticize  
affairs      coconut      poetry



WHEN the city of Boston was a village of winding lanes, and the Boston men wore their hair braided in pigtailed down their backs, and there were no ice-cream sodas or flying machines in all the world, a fat little boy, in a queer three-cornered hat and buckled shoes, was driving his father's red muley cow down from her pastures on Beacon Hill, where the State House now stands, over the Common to the small brown house, across the street from the Old South Church.

This boy, Benjamin Franklin, was born in Boston, January 17, 1706.

It must have been hard work for Mr. and Mrs. Franklin to find different names for their seventeen sons and daughters. Think of it — sixteen brothers and sisters for little Benjamin!

When he grew up, he could remember sitting at the table with thirteen of them.

Sometimes, in fact nearly always, the food on the table was very plain. But the children were taught not to criticize it.

Instead of grumbling at their salt pork and oatmeal, they listened while the older ones talked business, books, and the affairs of the country.

When Franklin was a grown-up man, he never noticed what he was eating, because he had been taught not to think about his food when he was a child.

There were no big stores in those days, only little dark shops with small window-panes and high counters. And instead of painted signs over the doors, as we have nowadays, there were queer figures and images. Over the butcher shop, for instance, there would be a wooden bull's head, and the shop would be called "The Sign of the Bull."

Benjamin's father kept a candle-and-soap shop. Over the door swung a wooden ball, the size of a coconut, painted blue, so he named his shop "The Sign of the Blue Ball."

Mr. Franklin thought that all children should be taught to do some useful work, and planned to bring Benjamin up in his own trade.

But little Benjamin did not like the idea of being a

candle maker, of dipping wicks into melted grease, filling molds, and selling a few pennies' worth of soft-soap across the counter at "The Sign of the Blue Ball" all his life.

Even when he was only a baby, instead of eating his bread and milk, he would sit up straight in his high chair, and listen while his father read poetry aloud. He showed such an interest in books as he grew into going-to-school age that his father decided to make a preacher out of him.

And so, when Benjamin was eight years old, he put on a fine new waistcoat and his best shoes with shiny buckles, and started out to school.

He studied so hard that he went to the head of his class in a few months and was put into a higher grade.

Then he left the grammar school and went to a private master who taught him penmanship, and tried to teach him arithmetic.

But little Benjamin had not gone to school a year all together when his father found that he could not afford to let him go any longer; and that was the last of Benjamin's school days.

Not that he never learned anything more in his life; no, indeed! Benjamin Franklin learned something new and useful every day, and he remembered what he learned.

purchase	geography	wharves	cutler
century	seventeenth	twentieth	apprentice
	beefsteak	raisins	

One day, when his mother gave him a few pennies, he started from home to spend them. As he was looking into the different shop windows to see what he wanted to buy, he met a boy with a bright tin whistle. It was such a very bright whistle, with such a shrill, loud voice, that Benjamin was delighted with it, and set out at once for a toy shop to find one like it.

"Do you keep whistles, sir?" he asked the man behind the dolls and the drums.

"Yes, indeed. How much do you want to pay for one?" said the shopkeeper, placing a long row of wooden and tin whistles on the counter.

"I will give you all the money I have," said Benjamin, handing his handful of pennies to the man and picking out from the row a bright tin whistle with a cheerful voice.

All the way home he blew his whistle, and was very proud of himself for spending his money so wisely. But when he showed his purchase to the family, his brothers all laughed at him.

"You paid four times as much as it was worth," they told him.

Poor little Benjamin burst into tears and threw away the whistle, for he did not want to play with it any longer. But he never forgot about it.

When he was a grown-up man and wanted to buy something that he did not need, he would say to himself, "Don't pay too much for the whistle."

After he left school, Benjamin went to work at "The Sign of the Blue Ball." He cut wicks for the candles, tended the store and ran errands.

But all the time his brain was busier than his fingers, planning what he wanted to be when he became a man. He preferred making candles to starving, but he preferred a great many other things to making candles. Best of all, he thought he would like to go to sea as a cabin-boy.

As those of you who have been through your geography know, Boston is built on a bay. Benjamin and his friends used to go down to the wharves and go in rowing and swimming, as all boys like to do.

When the water of the Atlantic Ocean was too cold, they went to the pond in the pasture that is now Boston Common. Here Benjamin invented a new way to swim — a lazy man's way. He brought a kite down to the pond, tied the string to a stick, and lying on his back in the water, let the kite draw him swiftly across the pond in the direction of the wind.

Benjamin's father soon noticed that the boy's mind was not in the candle pot. So one day he took him on a sight-seeing trip among the shops, pointing out to the boy the different trades, and telling Benjamin to choose which one he would like to follow.

There is not so much difference between seventeenth-century boys and twentieth-century ones, after all. They all like jack-knives, for instance.

Benjamin thought that it would be a fine thing to be a cutler and make all the pocket-knives that he and his friend wanted. But his father finally decided to set the boy to work as an apprentice to another son, James, who kept a printing shop.

James agreed to hire Benjamin and to give him his board and clothes for wages. That was not very much pay, you may think. Perhaps little Benjamin thought so, too.

By this time, he was twelve years old, and liked to spend money as well as most children. Yet he did not care to buy toys, or coffee, or to go to the Punch and Judy show. He wanted to buy books.

So he decided on a way to make money. He went to his brother James, and asked that half of the cost of his board be given to him. That meant that every week Benjamin was to receive two dollars, and out of



this he planned to buy his food, and to save a part for his books.

His brother did not think it possible that the boy could do this, but he was willing to let him try. And Benjamin actually managed to save a dollar a week out of the two to buy *Robinson Crusoe*, and other books which he used to read at lunch time and in the evenings.

And he did not go hungry either, although you might prefer beefsteak and apple pie and layer cake to the food Benjamin bought, cooked, and ate. He had rice and boiled potatoes, hasty pudding, rye bread and raisins.

You see Benjamin cared more for books to put into his brains than for goodies to put into his stomach. He was very careful of his books and kept them clean and whole, as everybody ought to do.

Besides reading, Benjamin used to write. One day, his brother James found him bending over a piece of paper on which he had written two poems. James read them and liked them so well that he let his brother print them on the printing press and sell them on the street.

Benjamin made a good deal of money in that way.

Sometimes he wrote long articles and slipped them under the door of his brother's shop when no one saw him. James printed these in his newspaper,

never guessing that his young brother could have written them.

After a time, Benjamin grew tired of his brother's printing office. So one night he went down to Boston Harbor, got on board a ship, and sailed away from his home city, taking with him an extra pair of stockings and a clean shirt stuffed into his pockets.

Benjamin went first to New York. But finding no work there, he went on to Philadelphia, — sometimes walking for miles along the rocky, untraveled road, sleeping in the fields, and eating very little, you may be sure.



munching      inventor      industry

When he finally reached Philadelphia, dirty, tired, and hungry, he had one dollar left. With part of this

money, he bought three puffy rolls at a bakery and walked up Market Street, carrying one roll under each arm and munching the third roll.

In the doorway of one of the houses that he passed, stood a pretty girl with long, fair curls and gentle eyes. She gazed curiously at this strange boy trudging by, eating his roll, his pockets stuffed out with socks and shirt. He looked very funny to her.

It was a long time before Benjamin found a position in a printing office, and began to work in earnest. How well he worked you can understand from his later life when he was a great writer, inventor, and statesman.

There is an old saying, "Jack of all trades, good at none." But this does not apply to Benjamin Franklin. Whatever he tried as a boy and as a man, he succeeded in doing and doing well, because he had patience, courage, and industry. These are three very valuable things to carry along when a boy starts out to seek his fortune.

— DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN.

#### NOTES AND QUESTIONS

What did Boston look like when Benjamin Franklin was born? What kind of stores did the people have? Were they big like they are to-day? What did Benjamin Franklin's father sell? Did little Benjamin like to work there? Tell about his school days. Tell the story about the whistle. On what bay is

Boston built? Near what ocean is it? What is meant by "a lazy man's way to swim"? What did Benjamin think he would like to be? How did he manage to buy books? What did he do with his first two poems? When he left home, where did he go? How did he look going through Philadelphia? Why did he always succeed?

The teacher should tell the children some of the other interesting facts of the later life of Franklin, for example, his discovery of electricity, Poor Richard's Almanac, etc.

## BABY'S DIMPLES

LOVE goes playing hide-and-seek  
'Mid the roses on her cheek,  
With a little imp of laughter,  
Who, the while he follows after,  
Leaves the footprints that we trace  
All about the Kissing-place.

— REV. JOHN B. TABB.

## ST. PATRICK AT TARA

WHEN Pagan kings, on Tara's hill enthroned,  
The truth disputed — Druid errors owned,  
St. Patrick stooped, and plucking from the sod  
The Shamrock, thro' it taught the Triune God.

— ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

## THE FLOWER OF LIBERTY

streaked      tyrants      crimson

WHAT flower is this that greets the morn,  
Its hues from Heaven so freshly born?  
With burning star and flaming band  
It kindles all the sunset land;  
Oh, tell us what the name may be, —  
Is this the Flower of Liberty?  
    It is the banner of the free;  
    The starry Flower of Liberty!

In savage Nature's far abode  
Its tender seed our fathers sowed;  
The storm-winds rocked its swelling bud,  
Its opening leaves were streaked with blood,  
Till lo! earth's tyrants shook to see  
The full-blown Flower of Liberty!  
    Then hail the banner of the free;  
    The starry Flower of Liberty!

Thy sacred leaves, fair Freedom's flower,  
Shall ever float on dome and tower,  
To all their heavenly colors true,  
In blackening frost or crimson dew, —

And God love us as we love thee —  
Thrice holy Flower of Liberty!  
Then hail the banner of the free,  
The starry Flower of Liberty!

— O. W. HOLMES.



#### NOTES AND QUESTIONS

What is meant by the Flower of Liberty? What does it do? Why is it called the starry Flower? Tell how the Flower of Liberty grew. How long shall the Flower of Liberty last?

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809–1894), a physician of Boston, widely known as a poet, novelist, and essayist, was born in Cambridge, Mass.

ESTEEM not thyself better than others, lest perhaps thou be accounted worse in the sight of God.

— “THE FOLLOWING OF CHRIST.”

## A GREAT JESUIT MISSIONARY

prominent	Huron	Quebec	Canada
Iroquois	Mohawk	drenched	mangled

AMONG the great heroes of North America, the name of Rev. Isaac Jogues, S. J., has rightfully a prominent place.

This humble priest was born in France in 1607. At the age of seventeen, he joined the Society of Jesus, and in 1636 he was ordained to the priesthood.

During the same year, he came to Canada, as a missionary to the Indians.

The first trip of the young Jesuit was down the St. Lawrence River in a bark canoe. His food consisted of corn crushed between two stones and mixed with water. At night, he and his Indian companions slept on the banks of the river. The canoe and the baggage had often to be carried for miles before they reached the Huron Country.

Here Father Jogues and the Jesuit missionaries had a bark house, had to use logs for chairs, and had to live on Indian corn.

On one occasion, Father Jogues was sent to open a mission among the Indians of the Tobacco Nations. The distance was about thirty miles through dense forests. It was winter and the trees were covered

with snow. As they went along, the Jesuits missed their way, and night overtook them in a swamp. They made a bed of branches of the trees; "And praise be to God," said Father Jogues, "we passed a very good night."

After laboring several years among the Indians, Father Jogues returned to Quebec to get supplies for his mission. On his way back, in 1642, he and his Indians were attacked by the Iroquois. Nearly all the party were killed, and the rest were taken prisoners.

A number of Iroquois fell upon Father Jogues and beat him with their fists and war clubs till he was half dead. When he revived a little, they chewed his fingers with their teeth.

The Iroquois on their way back met a band of two hundred Mohawk Indians. At this place, Father Jogues and the other prisoners had to run the gantlet; that is, they had to pass through two lines of Indians, who beat them with their clubs. As they went along, so savage was their treatment that Father Jogues fell drenched in blood. Even then, his hands were man-gled, and fire applied to his naked body.

Through every town which he passed on his way to the present city of New York, he was subjected to like treatment. Nearly all his fingers and toes were



cut off, joint by joint, and red hot irons were applied to his body.

During the twelve months he was kept among the Iroquois, he went about doing good to those who persecuted him.

He liked to roam through the forests of the Mohawk Valley and carve a cross and the Name of Jesus on the trees. Here, kneeling on the snow-covered ground, he often lifted his heart to God in praise and adoration.

But the end of his captivity drew near.

Dutch	Governor	penal	generosity
Rennes	murdered	mutilated	tomahawk

The Dutch of Fort Orange bought him from the savage Iroquois, and sent him to New York, where the Governor gave him a suit of clothes, which he badly needed, and presented him with a free passage to his home in France.

It was a long and painful journey. A storm cast the vessel on the coast of England. There a band of thieves took everything he had, even his clothes.

Father Jogues, however, made his way to France in a coal vessel. Dressed as a sailor, he walked through the little seaport town. Some of the people thought he was an Irish Catholic who had fled from the penal laws of England.

On learning of his desire to go to church — it was Christmas morning — some one gave him a hat and a coat. Like the good, humble Catholic that he was, he went to confession, received Holy Communion, and heard Mass.

On his return from the church, his friends noticed that his fingers had been cut off. This aroused their curiosity. So they asked him how it happened.

He gave them a short account of his life among the Indians. Then the people, young and old, were interested. The little girls were so moved that they offered him their pocket money.

"They came," says Father Jogues, "with so much generosity to offer me two or three pence, that I was moved to tears."

With the assistance of these kind people, Father Jogues was able to get to the city of Rennes. It was early morning when he presented himself at the door of the College, and asked to see the Rector.

The porter told him he was about to say Mass, and that he could not see him now.

"Tell him that a poor man from Canada would like to speak with him."

When the Rector heard this message, he went at once to the office.

The poor and ragged traveler handed him a letter from the Governor of New York.

The Rector said: "Are you from Canada?"

"Yes, Father."

"Do you know Father Jogues?"

"Very well, indeed, Father."

"The Iroquois have taken him. Is he dead? Have they murdered him?"

"No, he is alive and at liberty; and I am he."

That was a day of joy in the College of Rennes. Throughout France, Father Jogues' name was on the lips of all. He was received at the French Court as a saint and martyr; and every one tried to honor him.

The Pope allowed him to say Mass with his mutilated hands.

It was the desire of all that Father Jogues should remain in France.

But after some time spent in his native land, he returned once more, in 1645, to his Indian children in Canada.

In September, 1646, he went to labor among the Mohawk Indians.

Just before his coming, there was a period of bad crops and sickness. The Indians thought that it was a little box that Father Jogues had left with them on his first visit that caused the trouble.

As soon as they saw the holy missionary, some of them cut off strips of flesh from his neck and arms. At the same time they taunted him, saying: "You shall die to-morrow."

The next day, October 18, 1646, as he stooped to enter a wigwam, a tomahawk crushed his skull.

Thus died one of the most saintly and heroic missionaries of North America.

#### NOTES AND QUESTIONS

When and where was Father Jogues born? Why did he come to Canada? Tell about his first trip down the St. Lawrence. Why did he leave his first mission? How did he spend that night in the swamp? Why did he return to Quebec? What happened as he was returning to his mission? How was he saved from the Indians? How did he get to France? How was he dressed? Did the people recognize him? How was he received? Did he remain in France? When and how was he put to death?

Over the place where Father Jogues was murdered, the Shrine of our Lady of Martyrs has been erected to the memory of this noble and zealous ambassador of Christ.

#### SALUTE TO THE FLAG

THE Stars and Stripes are floating o'er us;  
The blood of heroes fill our veins;  
We pledge this day our life's devotion  
To our dear land where Freedom reigns.

— BELLA B. BURKE.

## THE GOOD SHEPHERD

proverb      thieves      abundantly      hireling  
scattereth

“AMEN, amen, I say to you : He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up another way, the same is a thief and a robber.

“But he that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep.

“To him the porter openeth ; and the sheep hear his voice ; and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out.

“And when he hath let out his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him, because they know his voice.

“But a stranger they follow not, but fly from him, because they know not the voice of strangers.”

This proverb Jesus spoke to them. But they understood not what He said to them.

Jesus therefore said to them again : “Amen, amen, I say to you, I am the Door of the sheep.

“All others, as many as have come, are thieves and robbers, and the sheep heard them not.

“I am the Door. By Me, if any man enter in, he shall be saved : and he shall go in and go out, and shall find treasures.



*Dobson.*

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

42

“The thief cometh to steal, to kill, and to destroy. I am come that they may have life, and may have it more abundantly.

“I am the Good Shepherd. The good shepherd giveth his life for his sheep.

“But the hireling, and he that is not the shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, seeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep, and flieth: and the wolf catcheth, and scattereth the sheep; and the hireling flieth, because he is a hireling; and he hath no care for the sheep.

“I am the Good Shepherd; and I know Mine, and Mine know Me.

“As the Father knoweth Me, and I know the Father; and I lay down My life for My sheep.

“And other sheep I have, and they are not of this fold; them also must I bring, and they shall hear My voice, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd.”

— ST. JOHN x. 1-16.

#### NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Who is the Good Shepherd mentioned in this narrative? What is the difference between the true shepherd and the hireling? Why is our Blessed Lord called the Good Shepherd? What is meant by the last sentence of the narrative?

The sheep fold was a kind of yard enclosed by a wide stone wall crowned all around with sharp thorns. Entrance and exit were by a door at which the keeper of the sheep fold always stood.

## MY MOTHER

God is sweet,  
Mother told me so  
When I knelt at her feet,  
Long — so long ago.

She clasped my hands in hers.  
Ah me! that memory stirs  
My soul's profoundest deep —  
No wonder that I weep —  
She clasped my hand and smiled,  
Ah! then I was a child, I knew not harm,  
My mother's arm  
Was flung around me; and I felt  
That when I knelt  
To listen to my mother's prayer  
God was with mother there.  
Yea! God is sweet,  
She told me so;  
She never told me wrong;  
And through my years of woe  
Her whispers soft and sad and slow  
And sweet as Angel's song  
Have floated like a dream.

— REV. ABRAM J. RYAN.



# LITTLE FRED WOLFF

## I

mayor	reduced	triple	compasses
birch	shivering	principal	forlorn
	exclamation		

ONCE upon a time, — it was so long ago that the whole world has forgotten the date, — in a city in the north of Europe, there was a little boy of seven, named Fred Wolff. He was an orphan in the care of an old aunt. This woman was so hard-hearted and greedy that she kissed him on New Year's Day only, and she breathed a sigh of regret every time she gave him a bowl of soup.

But the poor little lad was naturally so good that he loved his aunt even though she frightened him very much; for he could never see her without trembling for fear she would whip him.

As Fred's aunt was known through the village to have a house and an old stocking full of gold, she did not dare send her nephew to the school for the poor, but she obtained a reduced rate from the schoolmaster whose school little Fred attended. The teacher, vexed at having a scholar who dressed so badly and who paid

so poorly, often blamed him unjustly, and even set his fellow pupils against him.

The poor little fellow was therefore as badly off as the stones in the street, and he used to hide himself in an out-of-the-way corner to cry when Christmas time came.

On Christmas Eve, the schoolmaster was to take all his pupils to midnight Mass and bring them back to their homes. As the winter was very severe that year, and as for several days a great quantity of snow had fallen, the children came to the teacher's house warmly wrapped and bundled up, with fur caps pulled down over their ears, double and triple jackets, knitted gloves and mittens, and good thick-nailed boots with strong soles. But only little Fred came shivering in the clothes that he wore week-days and Sundays, and with nothing on his feet but coarse socks and heavy wooden shoes.

His thoughtless comrades made a thousand jests at his forlorn looks and his peasant's dress: but little Fred was so occupied in blowing on his fingers to keep them warm that he took no notice of the boys or of what they said.

Then the pupils, with the schoolmaster at their head, started for the church. As they went they talked of the fine suppers that were awaiting them at home.

The son of the mayor had seen, before he went out, a very large goose. At the house of one of the boys there was a little fir tree in a wooden box, from whose branches hung oranges, sweetmeats, and toys.

The children spoke, too, of what the Christ-child would bring them, and what He would put in their shoes, which they would, of course, be very careful to leave in the chimney before going to bed. And the eyes of those little boys, lively as a parcel of mice, sparkled in advance with the joy of seeing in fancy, pink paper bags filled with cakes, lead soldiers, and jumping-jacks, etc.

Little Fred knew very well by experience that his old aunt would send him supperless to bed; but, knowing that all the year he had been as good and careful as possible, he hoped that the Christ-child would not forget him; and he, too, looked eagerly forward to putting his wooden shoes in the ashes of the fireplace.

When the midnight Mass was ended, every one went away, anxious for his supper, and the band of children, walking two by two after their teacher, left the church.

In the porch, sitting on a stone seat, a child was sleeping — a child who was clad in a robe of white linen, and whose feet were bare, notwithstanding the cold. He was not a beggar, for his robe was new and

fresh, and near him on the ground was seen a square, a hatchet, a pair of compasses, and the other tools of a carpenter. Under the light of the stars, his face bore an expression of divine sweetness, and his long



locks of golden hair seemed like a crown about his head. But the child's feet, blue in the cold of that December night, were sad to see.

The children, so well clothed for the winter, passed heedlessly by before the unknown child. One of them, a son of the principal man in the village, looked

at the waif with an expression in which no pity could be seen.

But little Fred, coming last out of the church, stopped, full of compassion, before the sleeping child.

"Alas!" said the orphan to himself, "it is too bad this little one has to go barefoot in such cold weather. But what is worse than all, he has not even a boot or a wooden shoe to leave before him while he sleeps to-night, so that the Christ-child could put something there to comfort him in his misery."

And carried away by the goodness of his heart, little Fred took off the wooden shoe from his right foot, and laid it in front of the sleeping child. Then limping along on his poor blistered foot and dragging his sock through the snow, he went back to his aunt's house.

## II

"Look at the worthless fellow!" cried his aunt, full of anger at his return without one of his shoes. "What have you done with your wooden shoe, little wretch?"

Little Fred did not know how to deceive, and although he was shaking with terror, he tried to stammer out some account of his adventure.

The old woman burst into a frightful peal of laughter.

“Ah, my brave gentleman takes off his shoes for beggars! Ah, my brave gentleman gives away his shoes to a barefoot child! This is something new! Ah, well, since it is so, I am going to put in the chimney the wooden shoe which you have left, and I promise you the Christ-child will leave something there to-night, to whip you with in the morning.

“And you shall have to pass to-morrow on dry bread and water. We will see if next time you give away your shoes to the first tramp that comes.”

Then the aunt, after having given the poor boy a couple of slaps, made him climb up to his bed in the attic. Grieved to the heart, the child went to bed in the dark, and soon fell asleep, his pillow wet with tears.

The next morning, when the old woman went downstairs — Oh, wonderful sight! — she saw the great chimney full of beautiful things and bags of different kinds of candy, and all sorts of good things; and before all these splendid things the right shoe, that her nephew had given to the little waif, stood by the side of the left shoe, that she herself had put there that very night, and where she meant to put a birch rod.

As little Fred, running down to learn the meaning of his aunt's exclamation, stood in wonder before all these splendid gifts, suddenly there were loud cries and laughter out of doors. The old woman and the

little boy went out to know what it all meant, and saw the neighbors gathered around the public fountain. What had happened? Oh, something very amusing and strange! The children of all the rich



people of the village, whose parents had wished to surprise them with the most beautiful gifts, had found only rods in their shoes.

Then the orphan and the old woman, thinking of all the beautiful things that were in their chimney, were full of amazement. But presently they saw the priest coming towards them, with wonder in his face.

In the church porch, where the child, clad in a white robe and with bare feet, had rested his sleeping head, the priest had just seen a circle of gold incrustated with precious stones.

Then the people understood that the beautiful child, near whom were the carpenter's tools, was the Christ-child in person. He had become for an hour such as He was when He worked in His parents' house. And all thanked God for the miracle that He had seen fit to work, to reward the faith and charity of a child.

— *From the French of* FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

#### NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Why was the old aunt so hard-hearted and greedy? How was Fred treated at school? Did he love his aunt? How did the pupils and the master spend Christmas eve? How did Fred show that he had a kind heart? How did his aunt treat him when he came home? What great surprise did he get? What virtue does this story inculcate?

François Coppée (1842- ) is a French poet, dramatist, and novelist.

#### WORD DRILL

ous = us

famous	pompous	impious	glorious
porous	monstrous	various	furious
mucous	prosperous	odious	previous
pious	murderous	studious	spurious
callous	poisonous	copious	hideous
nervous	envious	serious	curious



## COLUMBUS

onward      billows      steadfast      fathomless

SAIL on, Columbus! sail right onward still,  
O'er watery waste of trackless billows sail,  
Nor let a doubting race make thy heart fail  
Till a New World upglow beneath thy will.

Let storms break forth and driving winds be shrill;  
But be thou steadfast when all others quail,  
And the long-dreamed-of land thy glad eyes fill.

Great world-revealer, sail! God leads the way  
Across the gloomy, fathomless dark sea,  
By man unvisited until this day,  
But which henceforth for the whole world shall be  
The road to nobler life and wider sway,  
Where tyrants perish and all men are free.

— ARCHBISHOP SPALDING.

### NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Who is speaking to Columbus? What is meant by "a doubting race"? What was the "long-dreamed-of land"? Why does the poet call Columbus a "great world-revealer"? What is the meaning of the last line?

Most Reverend John Lancaster Spalding (1840– ), a noted educator and essayist, was born in Kentucky. He was the first bishop of Peoria, from which see he resigned in 1908.

## GOD'S HOME

"MOTHER, where does Jesus dwell?"

"Child, He dwelleth everywhere,  
In the earth, and in the air,  
In the wide, unending blue —  
Even on the farthest star,  
Where Creation's limits are,  
Past all ken of me and you!"

"Mother, hath He any home?"

"First, His home's in Heaven bright,  
Wondrous mansions, built of light;  
Then, the Tabernacle blest;  
But the home He loveth most,  
More than Heaven or Sacred Host,  
Is thy sinless, loving breast!"

— REV. EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ, S.J.

### NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Who are speaking in this pretty poem? What does the child want to know? How does his mother answer him? What is meant by "Past all ken of me and you!"? What other question does the child ask? Where is God's home? Which home does He love best?

Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S. J., a writer and poet, is the editor of "The Queen's Work" of St. Louis, Mo.

# A BOY WHO WAS WANTED

## I

civil      energy      employer      application



"WELL, I have found out one thing," said Jack, as he came to his mother, hot, tired, and dusty.

"What is that?" she asked.

"That there are a great many boys in the world."

"Did you not know that before?"

"Partly, but I did not know that there were so many more than are wanted."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because I have been around and around until I am worn out trying to find a place to work. Wherever I

go, there are more boys than places. Does not that show there are too many boys?"

"Not exactly," said his mother with a smile. "It depends entirely on the kind of a boy. A good boy is always wanted somewhere."

"Well, if I am a good boy, I wish I knew where I am wanted."

"Patience, patience, my boy! In such a great world as this is, with so many places and so many boys, it is no wonder that some of them do not find their places at once. But be very sure, dear," as she laid a caressing hand on his arm, "that every boy who wants a chance to do fair, honest work will find it."

"That is the kind of work I want to do," said Jack. "I do not want anybody's money for nothing. Let me see — what have I got to offer? All the schooling and all the wits I have been able to acquire in fourteen years, good stout hands and feet, and a civil tongue."

"And a mind and a heart set on doing faithful duty," said his mother.

"I hope so," said Jack. "I remember father used to say: 'Just as soon as you undertake to work for any one you must bear in mind that you have sold yourself to him for the given time. Your time, your strength, your energy belong to him.'"

For two or three days longer, Jack had reason to hold

to his opinion that there were more boys than the world wanted. But shortly afterwards, he met a business man, who, after questioning him closely, said : —

“There are a great many applications for this place, but the greater number of boys come, stay a short time, and then leave, if they think they can do a little better. When a boy gets used to our routes and customers, we want him to stay. If you will agree to remain for at least three years, we will pay you four dollars a week as an errand boy.”

“That is just what I want to do, sir,” Jack said eagerly. So he was hired.

How proud Jack was as he brought his wages home to his mother every Saturday night ! How delightful it was to him to be regarded as the man of the house !

It is not to be wondered at, that the faithful carrying out of his father’s advice after a while attracted the attention, not only of his employers, but of others with whom he was brought in contact.

## II

situation	routine	accustomed	recommendation
	reliable	prospect	regular

One day, he was asked into the office of Mr. Lang, a gentleman to whom he frequently carried parcels of value.

"Have you ever thought of changing your situation?" asked Mr. Lang.

"No, sir," said Jack.

"Perhaps you could do better," said the other. "I want to get a boy who is quick and intelligent, and who can be relied on; and from what I see of you I think you are the sort of a boy. I want you to drive a delivery wagon, and I will pay you six dollars a week."

Jack's eyes opened wide.

"It is good pay, sir, for a boy like me, I am sure. But I promised to stay with Mr. Hill for three years, and the second year is only just begun."

"Well, have you signed a regular agreement with Mr. Hill?"

"No, sir; I told him I would stay."

"You have a mother to assist, you told me. Could you not tell Mr. Hill that you feel obliged to do better when you have a chance?"

"I do not believe I could," said Jack, looking with his straight, frank gaze into the gentleman's face. "You see, sir, if I did not keep my promise with him, I should not be worthy of your esteem."

"You are about right," said Mr. Lang. "Come to see me when your time is up. I dare say I shall want you then."

Jack went home very much stirred by what had been

said to him. After all, could it be wrong to go where he could do so much better? Almost double the wages! Was it not really his duty to obtain it, and to drive a delivery wagon, instead of trudging wearily along the streets? They never felt so hot and dusty as they did just then when he might escape from the tiresome routine.

Might, but how? By the sacrifice of his pledged word. By selling his truth and his honor.

When he told his mother of the offer he had received, he merely added:—

“It would be a good thing if I could take it, would it not, mother?”

“Yes, it would.”

“Some boys would change without letting a promise stand in their way.”

“Yes, but that is the boy who, sooner or later, is not wanted.”

Jack remained with Mr. Hill, and did such good work, as he became more and more accustomed to his situation, that his mother sometimes wondered that Mr. Hill, who seemed always kindly interested in him, never appeared to think of raising his pay. This, however, was not Mr. Hill's way of doing things, even though he showed an increasing disposition to trust Jack with important business.

So the boy went through his three years. But he never forgot the offer made him by Mr. Lang. One day, when he met that gentleman on the street, he said to him : —



“You spoke to me about driving the wagon, sir.”

“Ah, so I did ; but you are older now, and worth more. Call around to see me.”

One Saturday evening, soon after, Jack lingered in Mr. Hill’s office after the other errand boys had been paid, and had gone home.



"My three years are up to-night, sir," he said.

"Yes, they are," said Mr. Hill, looking as if he had remembered it.

"Will you give me a recommendation to some one else, sir?"

"Well, I will, if you are sure you want to leave me."

"I did not know you wanted me to stay, but," he hesitated, and then went on, "my mother is a widow, and I feel as though I ought to do the best I can for her, and Mr. Lang told me to call on him."

"Has Mr. Lang ever made you an offer?"

Jack then told him of what Mr. Lang had said to him nearly two years before.

"Why did you not go then?" asked Mr. Hill.

"Because I had promised to stay with you; but you would not blame me for trying to better myself now."

"Not a bit of it. Are you tired of running errands?"

"I would rather ride than walk," said Jack with a smile.

"I think it is about time you were doing better than either. Perhaps you think you have been doing this faithful work for me through these years for next to nothing, but if so, you are mistaken. You have been doing better work than merely running errands. You have been serving an apprenticeship to trust and honesty. I know you to be a straight-forward, reliable boy, and it takes time to learn that. It is

your capital; and you ought to begin to realize it. You may talk to Mr. Lang if you wish, but I will give you a place in the office, with a salary of six hundred dollars for the first year, and the prospect of a raise after that."

Jack did not go to Mr. Lang, but straight to his mother.

"You are right, you are right, mother!" he cried. "No more hard work for you. I am wanted, you see! I am wanted enough to get good pay, and all the hardest part over."

— X. Y. Z.

#### NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Why was Jack wanted? What good qualities did he possess? What counsel did his father give him? Why do business men like boys like Jack?

The valuable lessons taught by this story can be emphasized by dramatizing the lesson.

#### WORD DRILL

cious, tious = shus

gracious	efficacious	cautious	ostentatious
spacious	ferocious	captious	ambitious
sagacious	precocious	facious	propitious
capacious	atrocious	contentious	fictitious
pugnacious	conscious	licentious	nutritious
vivacious	luscious	conscientious	superstitious
loquacious	vicious	infectious	innutritious
fallacious	suspicious	incautious	unambitious

## ST. ROSE OF LIMA

Peru	Isabella	perfection	botany	unalloyed
resembled		edification	celestial	replete

As all American boys and girls take just pride in the heroes of their country, I am sure that each of you will be interested in the following account of a great heroine, the first American saint.

This little girl was born neither in the United States nor in Canada, but in the distant city of Lima, the capital of Peru.

On the day of her baptism in the year 1586, her Spanish parents called her Isabella after the noble Queen of Spain who bore that name. But, in the course of time, when the color of her face resembled that of a beautiful rose, her father and mother insisted that she should be called Rose.

She was a very kind and dutiful child, whose chief purpose in life was to please God and her parents. Dress and toys had very little attraction for her. She was never known to grumble or complain. She suffered patiently all the little trials that came to her. Now, what do you think was the secret of her remarkable patience and holiness? In other words, how did she succeed in reaching this high state of perfection? She did it by constantly keeping before her

mind the great sufferings of our dear Lord on the cross.

As she grew older, her unusual beauty and charm became more and more remarkable. Did this make her vain or proud? No; but it caused her to pray more fervently to the Crucified Saviour to make her meek and humble of heart.

While Rose was still a young girl, her parents lost most of their means. In order to help them out of their difficulty, she sold at the public market the flowers which grew in her garden. Though she had never studied botany in school, she knew much about flowers and shrubs, and was an expert in cultivating them. From early morning till late in the evening, she might be seen in her garden, tending her plants with the utmost care.

In order to serve God more faithfully, Rose became a member of the Third Order of St. Dominic as soon as she was old enough. This step, however, did not require her to leave home. Nevertheless, she built in a lonely part of the garden a little cell where she might be entirely free to give herself to God in prayer.

Picture this devout servant of God kneeling before her little altar raising up her pure heart to her Creator. See the celestial smile that adorns her beautiful face.

No worldly thoughts enter her mind. She thinks only of God, and that is sufficient.

The humble and holy life of America's first saint gave unalloyed joy to the Sacred Heart of our Blessed Lord, and was a source of edification to all who knew her. Though her years on earth numbered only thirty-one they were replete with works of piety, prayer, and holy fasting.



Now, after more than three hundred years, her saintly life continues to inspire not only the Catholics of the American continent, but also those of the whole world.

— A SISTER OF ST. DOMINIC.

#### NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Who was the first American saint? When and where was she born? What name was given to her at baptism? Why was she called Rose? What helped her to be so patient and holy? How did she help her parents? What religious order did she join? Why did she build a cell in her garden? How long did she live? Tell something about the country in which she lived.

This story gives the teacher an opportunity to speak about the history and geography of the country where St. Rose lived.

## THE BLUEBIRD

crocus      dreary      mantles

I KNOW the song that the bluebird is singing  
Out in the apple tree where he is swinging ;  
Brave little fellow ! the skies may be dreary :  
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

Hark ! how the music leaps out from his throat —  
Hark ! was there ever so merry a note ?  
Listen awhile, and you'll hear what he's saying,  
Up in the apple tree, swinging and swaying.

“ Dear little blossoms, down under the snow,  
You must be weary of winter, I know ;  
Hark, while I sing you a message of cheer —  
*Summer* is coming ! and *springtime* is here !

“ Little white snowdrop ! I pray you, arise ;  
Bright yellow crocus ! come, open your eyes ;  
Sweet little violets, hid from the cold,  
Put on your mantles of purple and gold ;  
Daffodils ! daffodils ! say, do you hear ? —  
*Summer* is coming ! and *springtime* is here !”

— EMILY H. MILLER.

# THE BIRD BOY

## I

Louisiana	magnolia	Audubon	Revolutionary
agates	handkerchief	uniform	Atlantic

THERE is nothing in the world so pleasant as being a little girl unless it is being a little boy. And there are few places where it is nicer to be a little boy than on a great plantation in the sleepy, sunny land of Louisiana, among the sweet orange trees, bright magnolia flowers, and strangely colored butterflies and beasts and birds.

It was on a plantation like this that John James Audubon spent the first ten years of his boyhood, at about the time of the Revolutionary War. He was a very quiet little lad who did not care to put his hands down deep into his pockets, whistle through his front teeth, and exchange agates like most boys.

When the other boys in the town went fishing for catfish in the canals, or played hare and hounds through the swampy, moss-hung woods, John James used to lie quietly on his back under an orange tree, where he could watch a mocking bird building its nest in the branches and could listen to its shrill song.

John James had a French father and a Spanish

mother. That is probably why he looked more like a foreign child than an American, with his long brown



hair falling way down below his shoulders, his dark skin, and his deep, bright eyes.

The first years of his life were spent in growing tall, gathering flowers, and waiting eagerly for the birds to come back to their wood-home in the spring.



One day a very sad thing happened when he and his mother were on a visit to an island called San Domingo. The negro slaves, who had been cruelly treated by the white people, made war on their masters, and in the fight the little Spanish mother was killed. Poor John James, eleven and tall for his age! For a while the songs seemed to him to go out of the birds and the blue from the sky.

His big, broad-shouldered father, who, in his blue navy uniform John James thought was the handsomest man in the world, took his lonely little son away with him across the wideness and blueness of the Atlantic Ocean to a country called France.

Here they lived in a big, lonesome house, until one red-letter day the father brought home a kind-faced woman and told John James that she was to be his new mother.

After this the house was not so big or so lonesome. In fairy tales stepmothers are cross and old, and carry crooked sticks with which to beat little children. But the stepmother of John James was not a fairy-book kind. She began to love the little boy the very moment she got into the house, and she kept right on loving him long after he had changed into a grown-up man. She used to give him money to spend, and she bought him blue silk neckties and pocket handker-

chiefs with pictures on them, and leather shoes that squeaked instead of clattering over the cobblestones of the streets as wooden shoes did.

The sea and the gray battleships kept his father away from home for months and months at a time, and then, I am sorry to say, John James used to play truant from school.

It was very hard for him to keep on thinking of "Twelve-times-nine is a hundred and eight," when outdoors the sunshine was golden and he knew that somewhere along the green meadows by the river the ground thrushes were feeding their babies, and in the shallow water near the swimming pool the speckled trout were chasing water beetles.

So he would take his lunch basket and a pencil and paper and would steal away to follow the call of the fields. All day long he looked with joy down into the nests of the birds at the pretty white eggs or the ugly brown babies. And he tried to draw pictures of what he saw. The pictures were often very queer and looked almost as much like squirrels or rabbits as they did like birds. But he always tore up such pictures and began all over again until he got them to look like the birds themselves.

## II

boundary	Germany	multiplication
Persia	resolutely	plumage

At dusk, when the day-time birds had all gone to bed, heads tucked under their wings, and the night-time bats and owls were just beginning to wake up, John James would trudge home on tired feet across the fields, carrying a lunch basket filled with nests, eggs, moss, and pebbles, instead of bread, butter, and jam.

When his father came home, he found his little boy had a whole roomful of treasures from the woods and meadows, a whole heart full of love for the big out-of-doors, and a whole head full of knowledge about the ways in which the father birds build the nests and the mother birds bring up the children and teach them to fly.

But John James' father found out also that he knew very little about the history of Rome, or the boundary of Germany, or the multiplication table. And John James' father wanted his son to be a soldier, for that dreadful time called the Reign of Terror was beginning in France, and of course one who could not remember the capital of Persia or nine-times eight could never in this world be a good soldier. So John James was sent away to school to learn the many things a good soldier ought to know.

But John James did not learn to carry a gun, or to march, or drill at the school. Instead he learned to play on the violin and the flute.

Afterwards, when he was a great naturalist, he used to imitate the songs of the birds on the flute so naturally that the timid little wood birds would come flying and cheeping down from the branches to light fearlessly on the shoulders of the strange man-bird singing to them in their own language below.

It was at this school, too, that John James Audubon studied drawing from the great painter, David. He studied so happily and so hard that before many months he had a collection of two hundred pictures of birds, all colored from memory, of the red and brown and green plumage of his bird-friends in the green fields at home.

But Audubon was never satisfied with many "a pretty picture." He used to build solemn bonfires and burn up the pictures that were not just right. Then he would keep on making others, until he had a bird on paper that was lifelike enough to burst out singing any minute.

When he was about seventeen years old, Audubon came back across the Atlantic to America. And here he spent many years in the woods, studying the ways of the birds, often suffering from the cold, often having

nothing to eat except roots and nuts, but always going ahead as resolutely as he did when he was a happy, petted schoolboy in France.

And at last people knew that he was a great man, and they bought his books and looked at his pictures and grew to know birds better than they ever had known before.

So the great man who had once been the little boy watching the mocking birds at Louisiana, and loving the meadow thrushes and eaglets in the sunny land of France, went on watching and loving birds to the end of his days.

—*From "When Great Folks Were Little Folks,"*  
by DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN.

#### NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Why do you like this story? Would you like to know as much about the birds as Mr. Audubon did? How many birds do you know? Which bird do you like the best? Where was John James born? How old was he when his mother was killed? To what country did he go then? Over what ocean did he have to pass? Did the little boy like to go to school? What use did he make of the flute? When did he return to this country? Where did he spend most of his time?

The Mocking Bird belongs to the thrush family. It is noted for its wonderful singing and imitative power. It is a constant resident of the Southern States, and rarely comes to the northern part of the continent. The Mocking Bird, like the Nightingale, sings during the night.

## TRUST IN GOD

peasant	venerable	devoted	Gaelic
diocese	Scotland	disguised	medicine

It was a cold and stormy night in the month of November. The wind howled mournfully through the tops of the tall fir trees. All day snow had been



falling, and the heavy drifts had, in many places, blotted out every trace of the road, thus rendering travel very dangerous.

With weary steps, an aged and venerable man was

slowly treading his way through one of the glens of the Highlands of Scotland. His silvery locks were heavy with snow and ice, and the biting cold chilled him to the heart. Though dressed in coarse garments, he was the Catholic bishop of the district.

It was the period when the penal laws against Catholics were enforced, and when a Catholic, wherever known, was hunted down.

We can hardly realize nowadays what our forefathers suffered, when to hear Mass or to approach the Sacraments was a crime, punished by fine or imprisonment, and when death was the doom of the priest who was caught while saying Mass.

In spite of these risks, this good bishop was traveling about his diocese, comforting and encouraging his few scattered priests, who, like himself, disguised in various ways, lived among such families as still remained faithful to the old creed.

He had left one of his devoted priests that morning, hoping to reach another before night set in. The Catholics were but thinly scattered over the country, and, except amongst them, there was for him no welcome.

For some time he had been seeking the cheerful glimmer of some peasant's hut, where he might rest for the night, or at least the side of the rock to shield

him from the wind; but so far he had looked in vain.

Spent and weary, perishing with cold and fatigue, he thought God was about to demand the sacrifice of his life. He had abandoned all hope of human aid, when, on turning a sharp angle of a rock he suddenly saw before him a humble cottage. Thanking God, he pushed forward, rapped, and was admitted. The cottage consisted of two rooms — a kitchen and a bedroom.

As the bishop entered, a clean and tidy old lady came out of the inner room, and addressing him in Gaelic, bade him welcome, at the same time offering him a seat by the fire and hanging up his dripping coat.

“I wish, sir,” she said, “that I could give you a bed, but it is out of my power. The only one we have is occupied by my husband, who is at the point of death. I think he cannot live till morning.”

“I am sincerely sorry for your affliction,” replied the bishop. “As for myself, I shall be very comfortable by the fire. But can I not do something for your husband? I have some little skill in medicine and may be able to help him.”

“Alas! no, sir,” replied the poor woman, “old age is a disease that no doctor can cure. There was a doctor here last week, and that is what he said.”



intellect      gradually      delusion      consolations  
administered

"The doctor told me besides," continued the woman, "that my husband, who has long been stupid with old age, would likely brighten up just before he dies.

"All this afternoon he has been as bright as he was years ago. He knows and remembers everything perfectly well. I know his end is near, but, oh! sir, it is an awful thing to die without believing death is at hand!"

"Very true," said the bishop, "but surely that cannot be your husband's case? If he is old he must expect to die; besides if his intellect, as you say, has brightened up, he should prepare to meet God."

"I know it, sir," said the poor woman, weeping; "but what can I do? He will not believe what I say. I have told him many times to-day that he is dying; but he will not believe me. He says his time is not come."

"Will you allow me to speak to him? Perhaps the opinion of a stranger will have more weight with him. At all events, I will do my best to convince him of his approaching end."

The old woman readily consented, and led the bishop into the room where her husband lay. He saw at once that her account was true. The old man had only a few hours to live, and the recovery of his memory was but the last effort of nature.

For a few minutes, the bishop conversed with him on ordinary subjects, but gradually led the way to the object of his visit, asking him if he was prepared for his approaching end. But, as the old woman had said, the dying man would not admit that his end could be so near.

"I know very well," said he, "that my age is great. I know that there is no strength left in this poor body. I even grant, that if I saw another lying in the state in which I am, I should say he was on the point of death; but for all that, I know that my time is not yet come."

"My friend," said the bishop, "this is a very great delusion. What possible reason can you have for believing that the laws of nature will be changed in your case? What has put such an idea into your head?"

"I will tell you, sir," said the old man raising himself up in his bed. "Why should I now fear what man can do to me? I am a Catholic. I have remained faithful to my God and my religion in spite of every

difficulty, though in this wild place I have seen a priest but twice in thirty years.

“ Yet, every day during that time, I have prayed to God that He would not let me die without the consolation of my religion. He will not refuse me this request; I know He will not; He is too good. When a Catholic priest is at my bedside to give me the last Sacraments, then will I believe that I shall die; but not till then.”

For a moment the bishop was stunned, but recovering himself said: “My son, prepare yourself for death, I am a Catholic priest.”

The holy rites were administered, and ere the morning came, the faithful and trusting old man slept in peace. God had rewarded him for all his years of prayer.

— X. Y. Z.

#### NOTES AND QUESTIONS

What is meant by the Penal Laws? Why was the bishop disguised? Did the woman of the house recognize him? Why was the old gentleman so sure that he was not going to die? Did he have great faith? What did the bishop say to him? What is meant by “The holy rites were administered”?

This lesson will help to show the children how the Catholics had to live in other countries years ago. It will also help them to appreciate the blessings which we enjoy in our glorious country.

## MAY DAY

rapture      wondrous      lilac

WHAT rapture thrills the hills  
In welcome of the Spring!  
In bright array they greet his way  
With flowery offering:  
Abloom are trees with melodies  
Where birds all joyous sing.

Yet fairer far the lovelands are  
Within our souls to-day!  
Like wondrous flowers in Springtime hours,  
Our hearts in fragrance sway,  
And bloom all sweet before the feet  
Of Mary, Queen of May.

O here we bring our offering  
The lily's heart of white,  
The love that blows from lilac rows  
In purple splendor bright;  
And every hue that blossoms drew  
From mines of golden light.

Dear Mother, take the gifts we make  
From Springtime's flowering;

And take, above the May-time, love,  
 Our hearts will gladly bring,  
 Eternal be our praise of thee,  
 Mother of Christ, the King!

— REV. MICHAEL EARLS, S.J.

## WORD FORMATION

point	cover	courage
pointing	covering	courageous
pointed	covered	courageously
pointer	coverlet	courageousness
pointedly	discover	discourage
appoint	discovering	discouraging
appointing	discovered	discouragingly
appointed	discoverer	discouraged
appointee	discovery	discouragement
appointment	recover	encourage
disappoint	recovering	encouraging
disappointing	recovered	encouragingly
disappointed	uncover	encouraged
disappointment	uncovered	encouragement

## VIRTUE

If virtue be thy guide,  
 True comfort is thy path,  
 And thou secure from erring steps,  
 That lead to vengeance wrath.

— REV. ROBERT SOUTHWELL, S.J.

# JOSUE

## I

Josue<sup>1</sup>    Jericho    Rahab    inhabitants    Setim  
             heralds    covenant    sanctified

BEFORE the Jewish people, who had left Egypt, reached the Promised Land, Moses died on Mount Nebo at the ripe old age of one hundred and twenty.



Now it came to pass after the death of Moses, that the Lord spoke to Josue, and said to him :—

“Moses, my servant, is dead. Arise and pass over the Jordan, into the land which I will give to the children of Israel.

“I will deliver to you every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, as I have said to Moses.”

Josue sent two men to spy secretly ; and said to them : “Go, and view the land and the city of Jericho.”

<sup>1</sup> Josue is sometimes spelled Joshua.

They went and entered into the house of a woman named Rahab, and lodged with her.

Then a man said to the king of Jericho : " Behold there are Israelites come in hither, by night, to spy the land."

The king of Jericho sent to Rahab, saying : " Bring forth the men that came to thee, and are entered into thy house ; for they are spies, and are come to view all the land."

The woman taking the men hid them, and said : " I confess they came to me, but I know not whither they are gone. Pursue after them quickly, and you will overtake them."

Then she made the men go up to the top of her house, and covered them with the stalks of flax.

Now they that were sent pursued after them, by the way that leadeth to the Jordan.

The men that were hidden were not yet asleep, when behold the woman went up to them, and said :

" I know that the Lord hath given this land to you ; for the dread of you is fallen upon us, and all the inhabitants of the land have lost all strength.

" We have heard that the Lord dried up the water of the Red Sea when you came out of Egypt.

" Now therefore swear ye to me by the Lord, that as I have shown mercy to you, so you also will show mercy to my father's house ; and give me a true token

that you will save my father and mother, my brethren and sisters, and all things that are theirs, and deliver our souls from death."

They answered her: "Be our lives for you unto death, only if thou betray us not. And when the Lord shall have delivered us from the land, we will show thee mercy and truth."

Then she let them down with a cord out of a window; for her house joined close to the wall.

She said to them: "Get ye up to the mountains, lest perhaps they meet you as they return; and there lie ye hid three days, till they come back, and so you shall go your way."

They said to her: "We shall be bound by this oath, which thou hast made us swear; if when we come into the land, this scarlet cord be a sign, and thou tie it in the window, by which thou hast let us down; and gather together thy father and mother and brethren, and all thy kindred into thy house.

"But if thou wilt betray us, and utter this word abroad, we shall be freed from this oath which thou hast made us swear."

And she answered: "As you have spoken, so be it done."

Then sending them on their way, she hung the scarlet cord in the window.



But they went and came to the mountains, and stayed there three days till they that pursued them returned.

And when they were gone back into the city, the spies returned, and came down from the mountain; and passing over the Jordan, they came to Josue, and told him all that befell them.

And said: "The Lord hath delivered all this land into our hands, and all the inhabitants thereof are overthrown with fear."

Josue rose before daylight, and removed the camp; and they departed from Setim, and came to the Jordan, he, and all the children of Israel, and they abode there for three days.

After which, the heralds went through the midst of the camp, and began to proclaim: "When you shall see the ark of the covenant of the Lord your God, and the priests of the race of Levi carrying it, rise you up also, and follow them as they go before."

Josue said to the people: "Be ye sanctified; for to-morrow the Lord will do wonders among you."

He said to the priests: "Take up the ark of the covenant, and go before the people."

And they obeyed his commands, and took it up and walked before them.

Then the Lord said to Josue: "This day will I begin

to exalt thee before Israel: that they may know that as I was with Moses, so I am with thee also.

“And do thou command the priests that carry the ark of the covenant, and say to them: ‘When you shall have entered into part of the water of the Jordan, stand in it.’”

Josue said to the children of Israel: “Come hither and hear the word of the Lord your God.”

Again he said: “By this you shall know that the Lord, the living God, is in the midst of you. Behold the ark of the covenant of the Lord of all the earth shall go before you into the Jordan.

“Prepare ye twelve men of the tribes of Israel, one of every tribe.

“And when the priests that carry the ark of the Lord shall set the soles of their feet in the waters of the Jordan, the waters that are beneath shall run down and go off; and those that come from above shall stand together upon a heap.”

So the people went out of their tents, to pass over the Jordan; and the priests that carried the ark of the covenant went on before them.

As soon as they came into the Jordan, and their feet were dipped in part of the water, the waters that came down from above stood in one place, and swelling up like a mountain, were seen afar off; but those that

were beneath, ran down into the sea of the wilderness, which is now called the Dead Sea.

The people marched over against Jericho; and the priests that carried the ark of the covenant of the Lord, stood girded upon the dry ground in the midst of the Jordan, and all the people passed over through the channel that was dried up.

The ark of the Lord also passed over, and the priests went before the people.

Then forty thousand fighting men and bands marched through the plains and fields of the city of Jericho.

In that day the Lord magnified Josue in the sight of all Israel, that they should fear him, as they had feared Moses, while he lived.

## II

Now the gates of the city of Jericho were closed, for fear of the children of Israel; and no man durst go out or come in.

The Lord said to Josue: "Behold I have given into thy hands Jericho, and the king thereof, and all the valiant men.

"Go round about the city, all ye fighting men, once a day; so shall ye do for six days.

"On the seventh day the priests shall take the seven trumpets, which are used in the jubilee, and shall

go before the ark of the covenant : and you shall go about the city seven times, and the priests shall sound the trumpets.

“And when the voice of the trumpet shall give a longer and broken tune, and shall sound in your ears, all the people shall shout together with a very great shout, and the walls of the city shall fall to the ground, and they shall enter in every one at the place against which they shall stand.”

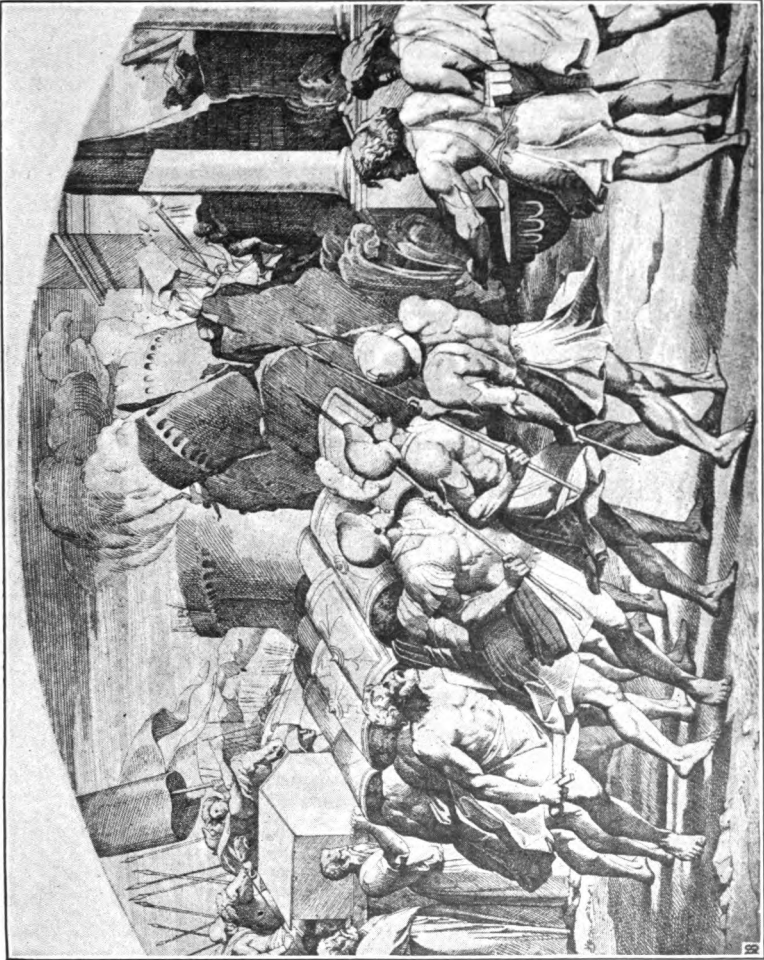
Then Josue called the priests, and said to them : “Take the ark of the covenant ; and let seven other priests take the seven trumpets of the jubilee, and march before the ark of the Lord.”

He said to the people : “Go, and compass the city, armed, marching before the ark of the Lord.”

When Josue had ended his words, and the seven priests blew the seven trumpets before the ark of the covenant of the Lord, and all the armed men went before, the rest of the common people followed the ark, and the sound of the trumpets was heard on all sides.

But Josue had commanded the people, saying : “You shall not shout, nor shall your voice be heard, nor any word go out of your mouth : until the day come wherein I shall say to you : ‘Cry, and shout.’”

So the ark of the Lord went about the city once a day, and returning into the camp, abode there.



Raphael.

# THE FALL OF JERICHO

Josue rising before day, the priests took the ark of the Lord, and seven of them, the seven trumpets which are used in the jubilee: and they went before the ark of the Lord, walking and sounding the trumpets: and the armed men went before them, and the rest of the common people followed the ark, and they blew the trumpets.

They went round about the city the second day once, and returned into the camp. So they did six days.

But the seventh day, rising up early, they went about the city, as it was ordered, seven times.

When in the seventh going about, the priests sounded with the trumpets, Josue said to all Israel: "Shout: for the Lord hath delivered the city to you.

"Let only Rahab live, with all that are with her in the house: for she hid the messengers whom we sent."

So all the people making a shout, and the trumpets sounding, when the voice and the sound thundered in the ears of the multitude, and the walls forthwith fell down: and every man went up by the place that was over against him: and they took the city, and killed all that were in it, man and woman, young and old.

But Josue said to the two men that had been sent for spies: "Go into Rahab's house, and bring her out, and all things that are hers, as you assured her by oath."

And the Lord was with Josue, and his name was noised throughout all the land.

— THE BOOK OF JOSUE.

### NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Who brought the Israelites out of the land of Egypt? Did he conduct them into the Promised Land? Who succeeded Moses as a leader of the Israelites? Tell the story of the two spies. How did the Israelites cross the Jordan? How did they conquer their enemies? Whom did the Israelites spare? Why?

Have the children contrast the crossing of the Jordan mentioned in this story with the passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea.

### OUR MOTTO

WHILE the blood in our veins  
Courses warm and free,  
For God and for Country,  
Our motto shall be.

— BELLA B. BURKE.

### CHRISTMAS GREETING

DEAR little Christ-child, on this day  
Which gladdens every heart,  
I hope in all our happiness  
You, too, will have a part.

— THE AVE MARIA.

## I WANDERED LONELY AS A CLOUD

**sprightly    jocund    solitude    vacant**  
**pensive**

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud

That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host of golden daffodils ;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

## Continuous as the stars that shine

And twinkle on the milky way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay :  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they

Out-did the sparkling waves in glee : —  
A poet could not but be gay,  
In such a jocund company ;  
I gazed — and gazed — but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought ;

For oft, when on my couch I lie

In vacant or in pensive mood,



They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude,  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

— WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

#### NOTES AND QUESTIONS

What did the poet see? Where did he see them? What were they doing? Were there many? What is meant by "In vacant or in pensive mood"? the "milky way"? "jocund"? "solitude"? Did the poet ever see the daffodils again?

William Wordsworth (1770–1850), a celebrated poet, was born in England.

#### THE COUNTRY BOY

TAKE him in and let him find  
Comfort for his troubled mind  
In your friendly word of cheer —  
Maybe there's a young career  
Blooming in him that will flower  
Into some unwonted power  
Of the heart and soul. Who knows  
From what bramble springs the rose?  
Such a life, so fresh and green —  
Make it happy and serene.

— THE BALTIMORE SUN.

## THE UNKNOWN PAINTER

Murillo      genius      easel      Sebastian      palette  
                 absorbed      Gomez

MURILLO, a famous Spanish artist, often found on the canvas of some of his pupils, sketches bearing the marks of great genius. They were done during the night, and he was unable to find out who painted them.

One morning, he found his pupils standing in a group before an easel, on which was a beautiful painting of the Blessed Virgin. They seemed to be lost in surprise and wonder.

He questioned them, one after another, to see if any of them could lay claim to it, but each sadly answered, "No!"

After admiring it for a long time, he exclaimed, "He who has done this will one day be the master of us all.

"Sebastian," said he to the young slave, who was standing by, "who visits this studio at night?"

"No one but myself, sir."

"Well, watch here to-night; and if you do not find out who it is that comes into this room, you shall be severely punished to-morrow."

Sebastian bowed and retired.

That night, Sebastian slept soundly till the clock of the Church of St. Francis struck three.

He then sprang from his bed and said, "Three hours are my own, the rest are my master's."

He seized a palette, and took his seat at the easel, to erase the work of the night before. But before doing



so, he paused and said, "I cannot; I will not blot it out; I will finish it."

To work, therefore, he went, and so absorbed was he in his task, that he forgot all things else till morning.

A slight noise caused him to look up. Murillo and his pupils stood, in breathless silence, around him.

"Who is your master, Sebastian?" said Murillo.

"You, sir."

"Your drawing master, I mean?"

"You, sir."

"I have never given you lessons."

"No, but you have given them to these young gentlemen, and I heard them."

"Which does this boy deserve, my dear pupils, reward or punishment?"

"Reward," was the reply of all.

"Sebastian," said Murillo, "ask what you please, and if it be in my power, I will grant it."

One advised him to ask for a suit of clothes; another, for a sum of money; a third, for his freedom.

But Sebastian, with tears in his eyes, kneeling before Murillo, exclaimed, "I ask for the freedom of my father!"

"Sebastian," said Murillo, "your pencil proves your genius; and your request shows that you have a noble heart. From this day, you and your father are free. I style you an artist; and will receive you among my pupils."

In Italy, there are still to be seen many beautiful paintings by Murillo and Sebastian Gomez.

— X. Y. Z.

#### NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Who was Murillo? What did he find one morning in his studio?  
Who was Sebastian? What did Murillo tell Sebastian to do?

Who finished the picture? How was Sebastian found out? What did Murillo say to him? What favor did Sebastian ask? What did Murillo do for Sebastian?

Bartolomeo Esteban Murillo (1618–1682), the greatest of the Spanish painters, was born in Seville, Spain. During his lifetime he enriched the churches and convents of Seville and other cities with numerous paintings.

## ST. STEPHEN, THE FIRST MARTYR.

PRINCES sat and spake against me,  
Sinners held me in their net;  
Thou, O Lord, shall save Thy servant,  
For on Thee his heart is set.  
Strong is he whose strength Thou art,  
Plain his speech and strong his heart.

Faithful deacon, still at Christmas  
Decking tables for the poor!  
Martyr, at the bridal banquet,  
Guest of God forevermore!  
In the realms of endless day  
For thine earthly clients pray!

—AUBREY DE VERE.

## PRAYER FOR RISING

Now let my guardian angel drive  
Far from me earthly care ;  
And God's good spirit tune my mind,  
Preparing it for prayer.

Control and rule, dear Lord, the thoughts  
Which o'er me rise and throng,  
And school them till they turn and grow  
Into a purpose strong !

To do, to suffer, and to serve,  
And reverence and praise  
Thee, the sole Master of my life,  
The Ruler of my days.

— LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

### NOTES AND QUESTIONS

What does the poet ask the guardian angel to do? Who is God's good spirit? What request is made in the second stanza? What is the purpose of that request?

Lady Georgiana Fullerton (1814–1885), an English novelist of high repute.

HONOR and shame from no condition rise ;  
Act well your part — there all the honor lies.

— ALEXANDER POPE.

## THE LAST JUDGMENT

majesty      foundation      brethren      cursed

WHEN the Son of man shall come in His majesty, and all the angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the seat of His majesty.

And all the nations shall be gathered before Him, and He shall separate them one from another, as the shepherd separateth the sheep from the goats.

And He shall set the sheep on His right hand, and the goats on His left.

Then shall the King say to them that shall be on His right hand: "Come, ye blessed of My Father, possess you the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.

"For I was hungry, and you gave Me to eat; I was thirsty, and you gave Me to drink; I was a stranger, and you took Me in; I was naked, and you covered Me; I was sick, and you visited Me; I was in prison, and you came to Me."

Then shall the just answer Him, saying: "Lord, when did we see Thee hungry, and fed Thee; when did we see Thee thirsty, and gave Thee drink?

"When did we see Thee a stranger, and took Thee in; when did we see Thee naked, and covered Thee?

“When did we see Thee sick or in prison, and came to Thee?”

The King answering shall say to them: “Amen, I say to thee, as long as you did it to one of these, My least brethren, you did it to Me.”

Then He shall say to them also that shall be on His left hand: “Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire which was prepared for the devil and his angels.

“For I was hungry, and you gave Me not to eat; I was thirsty, and you gave Me not to drink.

“I was a stranger, and you did not take Me in; I was sick and in prison, and you did not visit Me.”

Then they also shall answer Him, saying: “Lord when did we see Thee hungry, or thirsty, or a stranger, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister to Thee?”

Then He shall answer them, saying: “Amen, I say to you, as long as you did it not to one of these least, neither did you do it to Me.

“These shall go into everlasting punishment: but the just, into life everlasting.”

— ST. MATTHEW xxv. 31-46.

#### NOTES AND QUESTIONS

How will our Blessed Lord separate the people on the Last Day? What will He say to those on His right hand? What will



they say to Him? What will He say to those on His left hand? How will He punish them? What is the difference between the particular and the general judgment?

Have the children pick out the different corporal works of mercy mentioned in this lesson.

## THE SCULPTOR

CHISEL in hand stood the sculptor-boy  
With his marble block before him ;  
And his face lit up with a smile of joy  
As an angel-dream passed o'er him.  
He carved the dream on that shapeless stone  
With many a sharp incision ;  
With heaven's own light the sculpture shone :  
He had caught that angel-vision.

Sculptors of life are we as we stand  
With our souls uncarved before us,  
Waiting the hour when at God's command  
Our life-dream shall pass o'er us.  
If we carve it then on the yielding stone  
With many a sharp incision,  
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own,  
Our lives that angel-vision.

—G. W. DOANE.

## MINNIE'S CHRISTMAS SERMON

triangle      minstrels      quavering      mountaineers  
Parian      repentant      gorgeous

SHE is dressed for the Christmas party,  
In a robe of white and blue ;  
With snowy ruffles and laces,  
And snowy slippers, too.

But never a jewel about her,  
On throat or arms or ears.  
And the pretty face the bright hair shades  
Is sullen and flushed with tears.

For over in Mamma's chamber,  
In Mamma's wardrobe hid,  
Is a dress of violet satin  
And shoes of violet kid.

And a fan all covered with spangles,  
And a necklace, bangles and rings,  
Which Grandma sent from Paris  
With a host of beautiful things.

Mamma has told her daughter :  
"These gifts are far too fine  
To be worn to the Christmas party  
By any child of mine.

“And ’twould vex our Blessed Lady  
To see her favorite hues,  
Her white and blue discarded  
For a violet dress and shoes.”



So in spite of her tears and teasing,  
In spite of her sullen frown,  
The nurse has fastened on Minnie  
Her sweet but simple gown.

And now she stands at the window  
And watches the snowflakes fall ;  
“There’s many a wretched lot,” she thinks,  
“But mine is the worst of all !”

When just outside on the pavement,  
In bitter wind, there stand  
A boy with a steel triangle  
And a girl with a harp in her hand.

Little Italian minstrels,  
With eyes as black as coals,  
Their clothes are tattered, their shoes are torn,  
Yet they sing, poor little souls !

A dismal foreign ballad,  
So quavering and weak,  
That Minnie opens the window  
And leans far out to speak :

“Why does your Mamma give you  
Such ragged clothes as these ?”  
With trembling lips they both reply,  
“We have no Mamma, please.”

“But surely you have a Papa,  
And a home where you can stay,

Instead of wandering up and down  
The streets this bitter day?"

Then the little boy makes answer,  
His dark eyes on her face ;  
"Our only home is a cellar,  
A cold and cheerless place :

"We have no fire to warm us,  
We have no food to eat,  
Father is sick and cannot work  
So we sing about the street."

Ah ! here was a Christmas sermon  
For our sulky little friend :  
As stern and as sharp a message  
As a loving God could send.

Somebody freezing and starving,  
In a cellar damp and bare —  
While she was fretting for trinkets  
And a satin dress to wear !

The snow blew in on her ringlets,  
But she did not care for that  
As she dropped her own bright Christmas coin  
In the little minstrel's hat.

Then, while they said, "God bless you!"  
And, singing, went away,  
She ran to Mamma's chamber,  
Where the hidden treasure lay.



Prone on that tender bosom,  
Her bright eyes full of tears,  
She murmured the touching story  
Of the little mountaineers.

And said the act of Contrition,  
Again and again and again,  
As if the sense of the grand old words  
Had only reached her then.

The lovely Parian statue  
Of our Lady surely smiled  
From her flowery niche in the corner  
On her dear repentant child,

As off to the Christmas party  
She went in her raiment white,  
Her face serene as an angel's,  
Her hair like waving light.

And thro' the gusty twilight  
The stars of the Christmas tree  
Sparkled and shone from the window wide,  
While the guests danced merrily.

Ah! many a gorgeous darling  
Made gay at the brilliant ball;  
But Minnie, the simple, fair-haired child,  
Was the happiest guest of all.

— ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

#### NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Why was Minnie out of sorts? What did her mother say to her? What effect did the little musicians have on her? How did she show it? What dress did she wear to the party? Was she happy? Why?

Eleanor C. Donnelly, a well-known Catholic poet and prose writer, was born at Philadelphia.

FOR God, who lives above the skies,  
Would look with vengeance in His eyes  
If I should ever dare despise  
My Mother.

— ANN TAYLOR.

## WORD DRILL

A final "e" generally indicates that the preceding vowel has its long sound. But in some words of two or more syllables the vowel of the final syllable is short, as in the following :

missive	bromine	servile	cornice
massive	ermine	reptile	practice
festive	doctrine	futile	notice
repulsive	medicine	missile	justice
objective	destine	hostile	office
defensive	jasmine	projectile	service
native	discipline	tensile	lattice
abusive	masculine	requisite	apprentice
inclusive	feminine	perquisite	treatise
exclusive	determine	exquisite	promise
passive	intestine	opposite	surface
possessive	illumine	hypocrite	college
preventive	engine	definite	cowardice
diffusive	sanguine	infinite	vestige

## BY DEGREES

HEAVEN is not gained at a single bound ;  
But we build a ladder by which we rise  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,  
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true,  
That a noble deed is a step toward God,  
Lifting the soul from the common sod  
To the purer air and a broader view.

— J. G. HOLLAND.



## JOE GREEN AND BLACK BEAUTY

exercise	usage	flogging	oppression
evidence	magistrate	impudent	interfere
exhausted			

JOE GREEN went on very well ; he learned quickly, and was so attentive and careful that John began to trust him in many things ; but, as I have said, he was small of his age, and it was seldom that he was allowed to exercise either Ginger or me ; but it so happened one morning that John was out with Justice, and the master



wanted a note to be taken immediately to a gentleman's house, about three miles distant, and sent his orders for Joe to saddle me and take it ; adding the caution that he was to ride steadily.

The note was delivered, and we were quietly returning when we came to the brickfield. Here we saw a

cart heavily laden with bricks; the wheels had stuck fast in the stiff mud of some deep ruts, and the carter was shouting and flogging the two horses unmercifully.

Joe pulled up. It was a sad sight. There were the two horses straining and struggling with all their might to drag the cart out, but they could not move it; the sweat streamed from their legs and flanks, their sides heaved, and every muscle was strained, whilst the man, fiercely pulling at the head of the fore horse, swore and lashed most brutally.

"Hold hard," said Joe; "do not go on flogging the horses like that; the wheels are so stuck that they cannot move the cart."

The man took no heed, but went on lashing.

"Stop! pray stop!" said Joe, "I will help you to lighten the cart; they cannot move it now."

"Mind your own business, you impudent young rascal, and I will mind mine!"

The man was in a towering passion and the worse for drink, and laid on the whip again. Joe turned my head, and the next moment we were going at a gallop towards the house of the master brickmaker. I cannot say if John would have approved of our pace, but Joe and I were both of one mind, and so angry that we could not have gone slower.

The house stood close to the roadside. Joe knocked

at the door, and shouted, "Hallo! Is Mr. Clay at home?"

The door opened, and Mr. Clay himself came out.

"Hallo, young man! You seem in a hurry; any orders from the Squire this morning?"

"No, Mr. Clay, but there is a fellow in your brick-yard flogging two horses to death. I told him to stop, and he would not; I said I would help him to lighten the cart, and he would not; so I have come to tell you. Pray, sir, go." Joe's voice shook with excitement.

"Thank ye, my lad," said the man, running in for his hat; then pausing for a moment. "Will you give evidence of what you saw if I should bring the fellow up before a magistrate?"

"That I will," said Joe, "and glad too." The man was gone, and we were on our way home at a smart trot.

"Why, what is the matter with you, Joe? You look angry all over," said John, as the boy flung himself from the saddle.

"I am angry all over, I can tell you," said the boy, and then in hurried, excited words he told all that had happened. Joe was usually such a quiet, gentle little fellow that it was wonderful to see him so roused.

"Right, Joe! you did right, my boy, whether the fellow gets a summons or not. Many folks would have

ridden by and said it was not their business to interfere. Now I say that with cruelty and oppression it is everybody's business to interfere when they see it; you did right, my boy."

Joe was quite calm by this time, and proud that John approved of him, and he cleaned out my feet, and rubbed me down with a firmer hand than usual.

They were just going home to dinner when the footman came down to the stable to say that Joe was wanted directly in master's private room; there was a man brought up for ill-using horses, and Joe's evidence was wanted. The boy flushed up to his forehead, and his eyes sparkled.

"They shall have it," he said.

"Put yourself a bit straight," said John.

Joe gave a pull at his necktie and a twitch at his jacket, and was off in a moment.

Our master being one of the county magistrates, cases were often brought to him to settle, or say what should be done.

In the stable we heard no more for some time, as it was the men's dinner hour, but when Joe came next into the stable I saw he was in high spirits; he gave me a good-natured slap, and said, "We will not see such things done, will we, old fellow?"

We heard afterwards that he had given his evidence

so clearly, and the horses were in such an exhausted state, bearing marks of such brutal usage, that the carter was committed to take his trial, and might possibly be sentenced to two or three months in prison.

It was wonderful what a change had come over Joe. John laughed, and said he had grown an inch taller in that week, and I believe he had. He was just as kind and gentle as before, but there was more purpose and determination in all that he did, — as if he had jumped at once from a boy into a man.

— ANNA SEWELL.

#### NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Who is telling the story? Who was Joe Green? Why was he angry? What did Joe do? What happened to the teamster? Why should we be kind to dumb animals? Have you read the whole story of "Black Beauty"?

Anna Sewell (1820–1877), the author of "Black Beauty," was born in England. When a child, she received an injury which made her a cripple for life. For six years during her well moments, she wrote the charming story of "Black Beauty."

WELCOME, sweet time of youth,  
Time when the mind begins to grow  
And decks with a warm poetic glow  
The form of Truth.

— REV. F. C. KOLBE.

## SAMSON

Philistines	idolatry	Gaza	Dalila
beseech	sinews	violently	

AFTER the death of Josue, the Israelites often forgot God and worshiped idols.

As a result of this, they were conquered many times by the Philistines and others.

In each case, the Lord raised up a Judge who delivered the Israelites from their enemies.

But just as soon as each judge died, the Jewish people fell again into idolatry.

For a great many years, they kept on changing from the God of their fathers to the worship of idols.

Many of the judges who acted as the leaders of the Israelites were men of great power and courage. Among these, Samson, on account of his bravery and strength, was one of the most wonderful.

One day as he was going to the home of his father and mother, he happened to meet a fierce lion. Without the least fear, he attacked the savage animal and tore him to pieces.

On another occasion, he lifted the heavy gates of the city of Gaza, and carried them on his shoulders to the top of the hill.

Shortly after this display of his strength, he married a pagan woman named Dalila.

As soon as her countrymen heard this, they asked her to deceive Samson and to learn wherein his great strength lay.

Dalila said to Samson: "Tell me, I beseech you, wherein your great strength lies, and how it is possible to bind you."

Samson answered her: "If I shall be bound with seven cords, made of sinews not yet dry, I shall be weak like other men."

The princes of the Philistines brought Dalila the seven sinews with which to bind Samson.

Having bound him during the night, Dalila shouted to him: "The Philistines are upon you."

But Samson broke the sinews as easily as a man would break a piece of thread.

Then Dalila said to her husband: "Behold! you have deceived me. Now at least tell me how you may be bound."

He said to her: "If I shall be bound with new ropes that were never in work, I shall be weak like other men."

His wife bound him again with the new ropes, but he broke them as if they were threads of a spider's web.

Then Dalila said to him : "How long do you intend to deceive me? Show me wherewith you may be bound."

Samson replied : "If you plait the seven locks of my head with a lace, tie them round a nail, and fasten it in the ground, I shall be weak."

Dalila fastened his locks of hair to the ground with a nail, but Samson found no trouble in freeing himself.

Dalila now was very angry. She felt that her husband was making fun of her. This was too much for her to bear. So she said to him : "You have already deceived me three times, and would not tell me wherein your great strength lay."

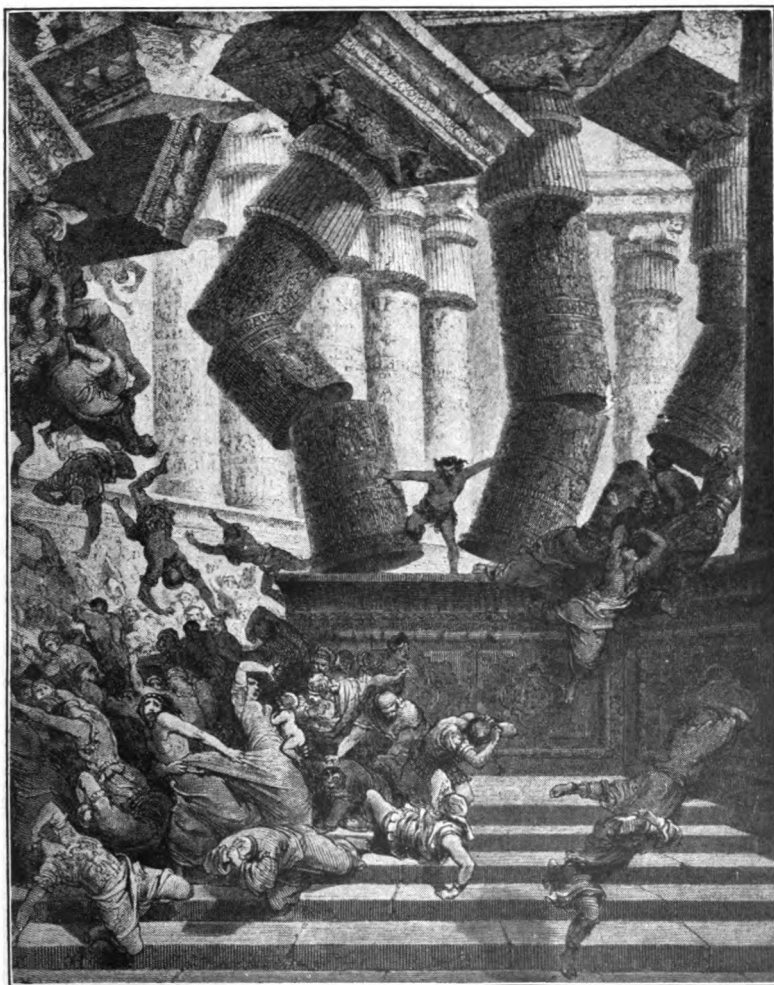
Samson did not wish to tell her. But when she gave him no peace of mind for several days, he finally said to her : "The razor has never touched my head. If my head be shaven, my strength shall depart from me, and I shall become weak like other men."

During that night while Samson slept, she sent for a barber who shaved off his seven locks. Immediately his great strength left him.

Then the Philistines seized him, put out his eyes, and led him bound in chains to the city of Gaza where they shut him up in a vile prison. Here his hair began to grow again.

Not long afterwards, the princes of the Philistines





**SAMSON DESTROYING THE TEMPLE OF DAGON**

*Doré.*

had a great feast. After much rejoicing and good cheer, they sent for Samson to play before them.

While he was amusing them, he stood between two pillars. Then he said to the man who led him: "Let me touch the pillars which support the whole house, and let me lean upon them and rest a little."

Now the house was full of men and women, and all the princes of the Philistines were there.

Then Samson asked God to give him back his strength, that he might punish his enemies for having plucked out his eyes and having cast him into prison.

The Lord heard his prayer. Samson taking hold of the two main pillars on which the house rested, shook them so violently that the house fell upon and killed the princes and the rest of the multitude.

— THE BOOK OF JUDGES.

#### NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Did the Israelites remain faithful to God after the death of Josue? How did God punish their unfaithfulness? Who came to their assistance? Name a few of the Judges. What great feats of strength did Samson perform?

The Philistines were an ancient people, who lived on the coast of the Mediterranean Sea to the southwest of Judea. They were in Palestine in the time of Abraham (Gen. xxi, 34). Josue was never able to expel them. In the time of the Judges, they became very powerful and brought Israel into subjection. King David conquered them.

## THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

bellows      threshing-floor      anvil  
wrought                      forge



UNDER a spreading chestnut tree  
The village smithy stands ;  
The smith, a mighty man is he,  
With large and sinewy hands ;

And the muscles of his brawny arms  
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,  
His face is like the tan ;  
His brow is wet with honest sweat,  
He earns whate'er he can,  
And looks the whole world in the face,  
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
You can hear his bellows blow ;  
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,  
With measured beat and slow,  
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,  
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school  
Look in at the open door ;  
They love to see the flaming forge,  
And hear the bellows roar,  
And catch the burning sparks that fly  
Like chaff from the threshing-floor.

Toiling, — rejoicing, — sorrowing,  
Onward through life he goes ;  
Each morning sees some task begun,  
Each evening sees its close ;

Something attempted, something done,  
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
For the lesson thou hast taught !  
Thus at the flaming forge of life  
Our fortunes must be wrought ;  
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped,  
Each burning deed and thought.

— HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

#### NOTES AND QUESTIONS

What is a smithy? Describe the Village Blacksmith. What do the children do coming home from school? Why does the Village Blacksmith sleep soundly? Why does the poet thank him?

The spreading chestnut tree mentioned in the poem grew on Brattle Street, Cambridge, not far distant from the home of Longfellow. In the course of time, this famous tree had to be cut down to make room for a dwelling-house. The children of Cambridge presented Longfellow with an armchair made of the wood of the chestnut tree on his seventy-second birthday. This thoughtful gift pleased the poet very much. In acknowledgment, he wrote the poem : " From My Armchair."

TRUTH may bend, but it will never break. Truth  
will ever rise above falsehood, like oil above water.

— CERVANTES.

## THE SHAMROCK

emerald      coronet      transplanted      bereft

WHEN April rains make flowers bloom  
And Johnny-jump-ups come to light,  
And clouds of color and perfume  
Float from the orchards pink and white,  
I see my shamrock in the rain,  
An emerald spray with raindrops set,  
Like jewels on Spring's coronet,  
So fair, and yet it breathes of pain.

The shamrock of an older shore  
Sprang from a rich and sacred soil,  
Where saint and hero lived of yore,  
And where their sons in sorrow toil;  
And here, transplanted, it to me  
Seems weeping for the soil it left;  
The diamonds that all others see  
Are tears drawn from its heart bereft.

When April rain makes flowers grow,  
And sparkles on their tiny buds  
That in June nights will overblow  
And fill the world with scented floods,

The lonely shamrock in our land,  
So fine among the clover leaves,  
For the old springtime often grieves,  
I feel its tears upon my hand.

— MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.



#### NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Did you ever see a shamrock? What does it look like? How does the poet describe it? Does it grow in this country? What does it remind you of? When is it worn?

Maurice Francis Egan (1852- ), educator, author, and diplomat, was born in Philadelphia, Penn.

#### THE MOTHER OF CHRIST

ONE only knew Him. She alone  
Who nightly to His cradle crept  
And, lying like the moonbeam prone,  
Worshipped her Maker as He slept.

— AUBREY DE VERE.

## THE APOSTLE OF IRELAND

excellent	verdant	inspired	interceded
perplexed	unction	Celestine	propagate
	flourished	paganism	

ABOUT four hundred years after the birth of our Lord, a little child, who afterwards became a great apostle, was born in Europe.

At that time, there were very few schools for children. The mother, as a rule, was the teacher.

This little boy was blessed with an excellent mother. Her chief delight was to lead her young son to God. The first word he was taught to lisp was that of the Holy Name.

Though this good mother had no school books as we have, she succeeded in teaching her boy how to read, write, and figure. She gave him a good knowledge of the Infant Saviour Who was born in a stable, and Who suffered and died on the cross to open the gates of heaven for us. She told him about the great saints of the Church who gave up their lives for the religion of Jesus Christ.

One day when he was about fifteen years of age, he took a long stroll through the green fields and verdant forests of his native land. He liked to admire



the blossoming trees and to listen to the sweet music of the song-birds.

As he was returning home in the evening, he was seized by a band of robbers and carried in a small boat to the North of Ireland where he was sold to a cruel pagan master.

Here he had to tend his master's flock as they grazed on the hillside. From sunrise to sunset, he might be seen guarding them, like a true shepherd. Clad in the poorest clothes, and without even enough to eat, this young apostle did not give up hope. Yea, rather, he frequently during the day lifted up his heart in prayer to his Creator.

Now God heard the prayers of this boy, and inspired him to become the apostle of the pagan people of Ireland.

After working as a slave for some time, he made up his mind to return to his native land. How was it to be done? He did not know. Thus perplexed, he sought the assistance of God. He prayed for some means by which to escape.

Shortly afterwards, he saw from the hillside a ship lying at anchor a few miles away.

"Here is my chance," he said. "I must be off at once."

But when he reached the ship, the captain would

not allow him on board, because he looked too much like a tramp, and had no money to pay his passage.

As he was turning away with a heavy heart, the

crew of the ship interceded for him. So he was taken on board and carried in a few days to his native land.

While at the home of his parents, he began to study for the priesthood, in order that he might be able to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the Irish people.



After he was ordained a priest, he went to Rome to see the Holy Father. Pope Celestine made him a bishop, and sent him, with a few companions, to Ireland.

With a heart full of joy and gratitude, he left the Holy City and soon reached the Irish coast.

At that time, all the people of the island were pagans. This, however, did not discourage the youth-

ful apostle. He knew from past experience that the inhabitants of Ireland were a brave, generous, and intelligent race. So he set to work to show them the errors of paganism. Then he placed before their minds the truth and the beauty of the religion of Jesus Christ. The unction of his words as well as the fervor of his eloquence converted in a short time all the people. And wonderful to say all this was done without a drop of human blood being shed.

In the course of time, this glorious apostle, St. Patrick, ordained priests, consecrated bishops, and built numerous churches, schools, and convents throughout the land.

Moreover, the religion which he brought to the Irish people flourished so remarkably that in a few centuries Ireland was truly called "The Island of Saints and Scholars."

Since that time, the children of St. Patrick, in spite of all obstacles, have preserved the faith. Yea, more, many of them, like their saintly apostle, have become missionaries to propagate the religion of Jesus Christ in other lands.

#### NOTES AND QUESTIONS

What is an apostle? Who was the apostle of Ireland? How did he first come to Ireland? What work did he do? How did he get back to his native land? Why did he study for the priest-

hood? Who made him a bishop and sent him to Ireland? Did it take him very long to convert the pagan people of Ireland? What else did he do? When does his feast day come? Do you know any other incidents connected with his life?

The birthplace of St. Patrick is a much-disputed question. Some say that he was born in France. Others are equally certain that he was born in Scotland.

## GOD IN THE NIGHT

DEEP in the dark I hear the feet of God :  
He walks the world ; He puts His holy hand  
On every sleeper — only puts His hand —  
Within it benedictions for each one —  
Then passes on ; but ah ! whene'er He meets  
A watcher waiting for Him, He is glad.  
“Does God, like man, feel lonely in the dark?”  
He rests His hand upon the watcher's brow —  
But more than that, He leaves His very breath  
Upon the watcher's soul ; and more than this,  
He stays for Holy Hours where watchers pray ;  
And more than that, He oftentimes lifts the veils  
That hide the visions of the world unseen.

— REV. ABRAM J. RYAN.

## HEROES

### applause

IF so it be we are forbid by fate  
To do the deeds that make a hero great,

Let's do our duty, each one as he should  
And, lacking greatness, let's at least be good.

Oh, there are seeds of kindness to be sown  
In hearts that never have such kindness known ;

And words of gentleness and actions true  
Are always possible for me and you.

'Tis true these seem of little worth, because  
They do not win for us the world's applause.

But noble actions are not judged by size,  
The great intent the action magnifies.

And though our names the world may never fill,  
The ear of God may find them sweeter still.

— DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

AND all things whatsoever you shall ask in prayer,  
believing, you shall receive.

— ST. MATT. xxi, 22.

## GEORGE WASHINGTON

colonel	character	declined	midshipman
survey	major	militia	diligently

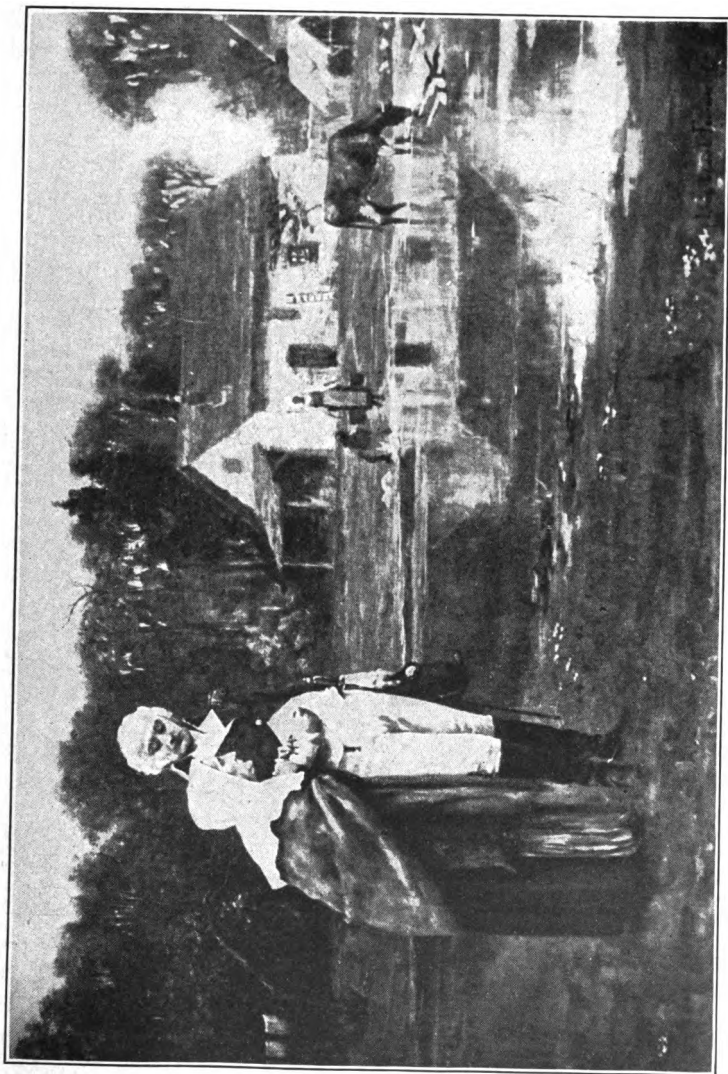
IN a low-roofed farmhouse in the Virginia colony, George Washington, the "Father of our Country," was born.

When this boy was old enough, he was sent to the little log schoolhouse, called "a field school." Here he and the other boys used to play different games. Sometimes they would play soldier, using cornstalks for guns and gourds for drums.

At the age of nine or ten, he could ride a horse. No boy in his school could run as fast, swim as well, row as long as young Washington. He loved to roam through the fields and the forests to enjoy the beauties of nature. He was especially fond of flowers and birds.

When he was eleven years of age, his good father died. Mrs. Washington was now compelled to be both father and mother to George and the other children.

Being a woman endowed with a noble character and a strong mind, she taught them to know, love, and serve God, as well as to obey those placed over them. She instilled into their young minds a love for truth, right, and justice.



*Fournier.*

**WASHINGTON AND HIS MOTHER**

Though there were no public libraries such as we have to-day, George managed to read a number of good stories. These filled his youthful mind with thoughts of the deep and dark blue ocean. They did more. They made him long to be a sailor.

One day, he told his kind mother what he wished to be. At first, she partly consented. But when he came dressed as a midshipman to bid her good-by, she could not bear to part with him.

When George saw his mother weeping, he decided to remain at home with her rather than grieve her any further. So he took off his new uniform and returned to school where he studied very diligently.

At the age of sixteen, George undertook to survey a large tract of land for Lord Fairfax, who lived near him. At night, he was obliged to sleep in the open air near a camp fire. With his gun, he shot wild turkey or other game, and with his hook and line he caught fish in the streams. On these he was forced to live.

When young Washington was nineteen years old the governor made him a major in the militia. Being endowed with a military spirit, George soon became skilful in the use of the sword and the gun.

When the French and Indian War broke out in 1754, George Washington, who had been made a colonel, was sent to help the English. Here he displayed un-



usual skill and bravery. It is not surprising that in a short time he became the hero of the colonists.

When trouble began with England, George was selected as commander-in-chief of the American Army. And during the years of the war, he showed himself a brave and able general, beloved and respected by his soldiers.

At last the English were driven from our shores, and the United States of America became a free nation.

Washington returned to Mt. Vernon to live in peace and quietness in his beautiful country home. But the people needed his masterly hand in the government of the country. So they chose him to be the first president of the United States.

During his eight years in the presidential chair, he ruled the country so wisely and so well that the citizens wished him to accept the third term. But Washington respectfully declined.

This great man, who was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, died at Mount Vernon, December 14, 1799.

#### NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Who is called the "Father of our Country"? Where was he born? How many years ago? What kind of a school did he attend? What games did he play? What could he do when he was about ten years old? What great sorrow came into his

life when he was eleven? What kind of a mother did he have? What did she teach him? What did he wish to be? Why did he give up that notion? What was the first work he did? Describe how he had to live during that time. What honor did the governor confer on him? When did he first distinguish himself as a soldier? How did he serve his country during the War for Independence? At the end of the war what great honor was conferred on him? When do we celebrate his birthday?

Encourage the children to read the life of Washington. The better they become acquainted with his sterling qualities of mind and heart the more they will admire him.

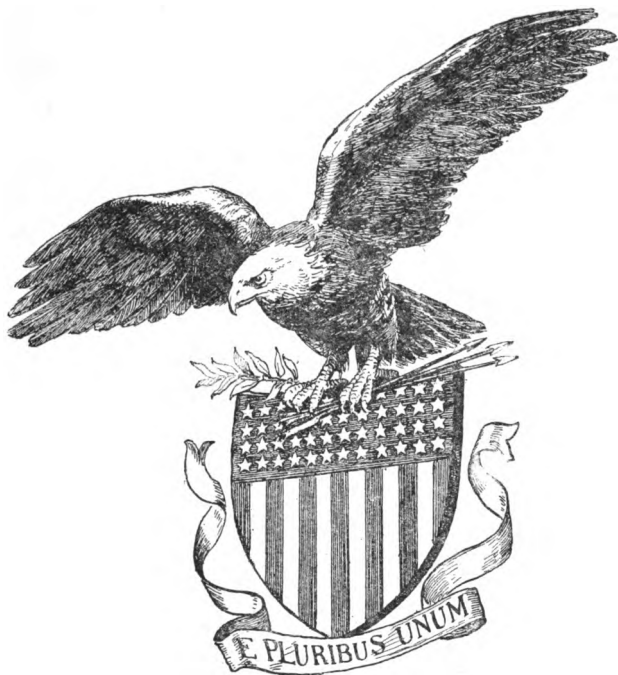
## WORD DRILL

ure = yur

mixture	lecture	rapture	departure
creature	vesture	puncture	procedure
culture	posture	torture	adventure
capture	fracture	tenure	conjecture
failure	future	stature	enrapture
structure	vulture	cincture	manufacture
nature	sculpture	nurture	agriculture
gesture	rupture	juncture	horticulture
moisture	venture	verdure	peradventure
fixture	scripture	tincture	superstructure
feature	pasture	admixture	pressure
tonsure	censure	fissure	imposture

ILL habits gather by unseen degrees,  
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.

— DRYDEN.



## AMERICAN HYMN

republic

girdle

armor

**SPEED** our Republic, O Father on high !  
Lead us in pathways of justice and right ;  
Rulers as well as the ruled, one and all,  
Girdle with virtue — the armor of might !  
Hail ! three times hail to our country and Flag !

Rise up, proud eagle, rise up to the clouds,  
Spread thy broad wings o'er this fair western world!  
Fling from thy beak our dear banner of old,  
Show that it is still for Freedom unfurled!  
Hail! three times hail to our country and Flag!

— M. KELLER.

### A DREAM OF BETTER DAYS

WHEN winter winds are coldest  
On hillside and on lea,  
Still, still, my heart, thou holdest  
A dream of days to be, —  
A dream of song birds singing,  
A dream of flowers up-springing,  
A dream of summer bringing  
Its dear delights to me!

'Tis thus when aught comes clouding  
My spirit's starry rays,  
Comes shadowing and shrouding  
The brightness of my ways.  
However sad or tearful,  
However dark or fearful,  
My heart holds one thing cheerful —  
A dream of better days.

— DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

## LAZARUS

Lazarus            resurrection            napkin            Bethania

THERE was a certain sick man named Lazarus who lived in Bethania with his two sisters, Martha and Mary.

The sisters sent to our Lord, saying: "Lord, behold he whom Thou lovest is sick."

Jesus hearing this said to them: "This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God: that the Son of God may be glorified by it."

Now Jesus loved Martha and Mary and their brother Lazarus.

When He had heard therefore that he was sick, He still remained in the same place two days.

After that, He said to His disciples: "Let us go into Judea again."

The disciples said to Him: "Rabbi, the Jews but now sought to stone Thee; and goest Thou there again?"

Jesus answered: "Are there not twelve hours of the day? If a man walk in the day, he stumbleth not, because he seeth the light of this world.

"But if he walk in the night, he stumbleth, because the light is not in him."

Then Jesus said to them: "Lazarus, our friend, sleepeth; but I go that I may awake him out of sleep."

His disciples therefore said: "Lord, if he sleep, he shall do well."

But Jesus spoke of his death; and they thought He spoke of the repose of sleep.

Then said Jesus to them plainly: "Lazarus is dead. And I am glad for your sakes that I was not there, that you may believe; but let us go to him."

Jesus therefore came, and found that Lazarus had been already four days in the grave.

Martha therefore as soon as she heard that Jesus was come, went to meet Him, but Mary sat at home.

Martha then said to Jesus: "Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died. But now also I know that whatsoever Thou wilt ask of God, God will give it to Thee."

Jesus saith to her: "Thy brother shall rise again."

Martha said to Him: "I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day."

Jesus said to her: "I am the resurrection and the life; He that believeth in Me, although he be dead, shall live; and every one that liveth and believeth in Me, shall not die forever. Believest thou this?"

She saith to Him: "Yea, Lord; I have believed that Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God Who art come into this world."

When she had said these things, she went, and called

ap, he her sister Mary, saying: "The Master is come and calleth for thee."

nt He Mary as soon as she heard this, riseth quickly and cometh to Him.

dead. When Mary was come where Jesus was, seeing Him she fell at His feet, and saith to Him: "Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died."

that had When Jesus saw her weeping, and the Jews that came with her weeping, He said: "Where have you laid him?"

esus me. They said to Him: "Lord, come and see."

dst And Jesus wept.

also tod The Jews therefore said: "Behold, how He loved him!"

l." But some of them said: "Could not He that opened the eyes of the man born blind have caused that this man should not die?"

ise Now the place where Lazarus was buried was a cave with a stone laid over it.

re Jesus saith: "Take away the stone."

l, Martha said to Him: "Lord, he is in the grave four days."

h Jesus saith to her: "Did not I say to thee, that if thou believe, thou shalt see the glory of God?"

o Therefore they took the stone away, and Jesus lifting up His eyes said: "Father, I give Thee thanks

d



THE RAISING OF LAZARUS

*Rubens.*



that Thou hast heard Me. And I know that Thou hearest Me always; but because of the people who stand about have I said it, that they may believe that Thou hast sent Me."

When Jesus had said these things, He cried with a loud voice: "Lazarus, come forth."

And presently he that had been dead came forth, bound feet and hands with winding bands; and his face was bound with a napkin.

Jesus said to them: "Loose him, and let him go."

Many of the Jews therefore who were present and had seen the things that Jesus did, believed in Him.

— ST. JOHN xi. 1-46.

#### NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Name the chief characters in this narrative. Which one of them was sick? Why did Jesus go into Judea? What did Martha do when she heard that Jesus was coming to visit her house? What did Mary do? What conversation took place between our Blessed Lord and Martha? How did Jesus show His great power? What was the result of this miracle?

Have the children contrast and express their opinion of the conduct of Martha and Mary as recorded in the above narrative.

TAKE all the pleasures of all the spheres,  
And multiply each through endless years, —  
One minute of heaven is worth them all.

— THOMAS MOORE.

## THE THOUGHT OF GOD

sanctifies

THE thought of God is like the tree  
Beneath whose shade I lie,  
And watch the fleets of snowy clouds  
Sail o'er the silent sky.

It is a thought which ever makes  
Life's sweetest smiles from tears,  
And is a daybreak to our hopes,  
A sunset to our fears.

One while it bids the tears to flow,  
Then wipes them from the eyes,  
Most often fills our souls with joy,  
And always sanctifies.

To think of Thee is almost prayer,  
And is outspoken praise;  
And pain can even passive thoughts  
To actual worship raise.

All murmurs lie inside Thy will  
Which are to Thee addressed;  
To suffer for Thee is our work,  
To think of Thee, our rest.

— REV. FREDERICK W. FABER.

# THE LEGEND OF WILLIAM TELL

## I

Gesler     Altdorf     dramatized     incident     edict  
conveyed     hatred     condemning     refusal     Uri

HERMAN GESLER, governor of Altdorf, by his proud, overbearing conduct, earned the hatred of the people, for whom he felt nothing but contempt. It is said that he even set up his hat in the market place of Altdorf, and commanded all the passers-by, under the severest punishment, to uncover their heads and do it homage.

A brave hunter of Uri, named William Tell, hearing this outlandish edict, stoutly refused to comply with it. He was at once seized and brought before the governor, who, out of a cruel freak, commanded that, in punishment of his crime, Tell should be compelled to shoot an arrow at an apple placed as a mark on the head of his son, a child six years old, condemning him to instant death in case of his refusal. With a steady hand, but a beating heart, Tell drew his bow and the apple was cleft in two. His son was safe, and the onlookers filled the air with joyful shouts.

Gesler was far from sharing in their joy; he cast his eyes on the brave peasant, and perceiving a

second arrow in his belt, asked him for what it was intended.

“To have pierced thy heart, tyrant,” was the reply, “if by my first I had slain my son.”

In violent rage, the governor ordered him to be once more seized, and conveyed across the Lake of Uri, to the dungeons of a castle which lay on the further shore.

Tell, however, managed to escape from the boat. His enemies attempted to pursue him, led on by the enraged Gesler; but Tell turned, and drawing the arrow from his belt, shot the tyrant through the heart.

The following lesson is a dramatized version of the shooting incident referred to above:—

## WILLIAM TELL, ALBERT, AND GESLER

### II

exquisite	vengeance	instinctively	corpse
Sarnem	villain	Verner	witnesses

*Gesler.* What is thy name?

*Tell.* My name?

It matters not to keep it from thee now:—

My name is Tell.

*Ges.* Tell!—William Tell?

*Tell.* The same.

*Ges.* What! he so famed above all his countrymen  
For guiding over the stormy lake, the boat?  
And such a master of his bow, it is said  
His arrows never miss! — Indeed — I will take  
Exquisite vengeance! — Mark! I will spare thy life —  
Thy boy's too — both of you are free — on one  
Condition. .



*Tell.* Name it.

*Ges.* I would see you make  
A trial of your skill with that same bow  
You shoot so well with.

*Tell.* Name the trial you  
Would have me make.

*Ges.* You look upon your boy  
As though instinctively you guessed it.

*Tell.* Look upon my boy! What mean you? Look  
upon  
My boy as though I guessed it! — Guessed the trial  
You would have me make! — Guessed it  
Instinctively! You do not mean — no — no —  
You would not have me make a trial of  
My skill upon my child! — Impossible!  
I do not guess your meaning.

*Ges.* I would see  
Thee hit an apple at the distance of  
A hundred paces.

*Tell.* Is my boy to hold it?

*Ges.* No.

*Tell.* No! — I will send the arrow through the  
core!

*Ges.* It is to rest upon his head.

*Tell.* Great Heaven, you hear him!

*Ges.* Thou dost hear the choice I give —  
Such trial of the skill thou art master of,  
Or death to both of you; not otherwise  
To be escaped.

*Tell.* O monster!

*Ges.* Wilt thou do it?

*Albert.* He will! he will!

*Tell.* Ferocious monster! — Make  
A father murder his own child.

*Ges.* Take off  
His chains, if he consent.

*Tell.* With his own hand!

*Ges.* Does he consent?

*Albert.* He does. (*Gesler signs to his officers, who proceed to take off Tell's chains. Tell all the time unconscious what they do.*)

*Tell.* With his own hand!  
Murder his child with his own hand — This hand!  
The hand I have led him, when an infant, by! —  
It is beyond horror — it is most horrible.  
Amazement! (*His chains fall off.*) What is that you  
have done to me?

Villains! put on my chains again. My hands  
Are free from blood, and have no guilt for it.  
That they should drink my child's! Here! here! I  
will not

Murder my boy for Gesler.

*Alb.* Father — father!  
You will not hit me, father! —

*Tell.* Hit thee! — Send  
The arrow through thy brain — or, missing that,  
Shoot out an eye — or, if thine eyes escape,  
Mangle the cheek I have seen thy mother's lips

Cover with kisses! — Hit thee — hit a hair  
Of thee, and cleave thy mother's heart —

*Ges.* Dost thou consent?

*Tell.* Give me my bow and quiver.

*Ges.* For what?

*Tell.* To shoot my boy!

*Alb.* No, father — no!

To save me! — You will be sure to hit the apple —  
Will you not save me, father?

*Tell.* Lead me forth —

I will make a trial!

*Alb.* Thank you!

*Tell.* Thank me! Do

You know for what? — I will not make the trial,  
To take him to his mother in my arms,  
And lay him down a corpse before her!

*Ges.* Then he dies this moment — and you cer-  
tainly

Do murder him whose life you have a chance  
To save, and will not use it.

*Tell.* Well — I will do it! I will make the trial.

*Alb.* Father —

*Tell.* Speak not to me:

Let me not hear thy voice — Thou must be dumb;  
And so should all things be — Earth should be dumb,  
And Heaven — unless its thunders muttered at



The deed, and sent a bolt to stop it! Give me  
My bow and quiver! —

*Ges.* When all is ready.

*Tell.* Well! lead on!

### III

*Persons. — Enter, slowly, People in evident distress —  
Officers, Sarnem, Gesler, Tell, Albert, and Soldiers  
— one bearing Tell's bow and quiver, another with a  
basket of apples.*

*Ges.* That is your ground. Now shall they measure thence.

A hundred paces. Take the distance.

*Tell.* Is the line a true one?

*Ges.* True or not, what is it to thee?

*Tell.* What is it to me? A little thing,  
A very little thing — a yard or two  
Is nothing here or there — were it a wolf  
I shot at! Never mind.

*Ges.* Be thankful, slave,  
Our grace accords thee life on any terms.

*Tell.* I will be thankful, Gesler! — Villain, stop!  
You measure to the sun.

*Ges.* And what of that?  
What matter whether to or from the sun?

*Tell.* I would have it at my back — the sun should  
shine

Upon the mark, and not on him that shoots.

I cannot see to shoot against the sun —

I will not shoot against the sun !

*Ges.* Give him his way ! Thou hast cause to bless  
my mercy.

*Tell.* I shall remember it. I would like to see  
The apple I am to shoot at.

*Ges.* Stay ! Show me the basket ! — there —

*Tell.* You have picked the smallest one.

*Ges.* I know I have.

*Tell.* Oh ! do you ? — But you see  
The color on it is dark — I would have it light,  
To see it better.

*Ges.* Take it as it is :  
Thy skill will be the greater if thou hittest it.

*Tell.* True — true ! — I did not think of that — I  
wonder  
I did not think of that — Give me some chance  
To save my boy ! (*Throws away the apple with all his  
force.*)

I will not murder him,  
If I can help it — for the honor of  
The form thou wearest, if all the heart is gone.

*Ges.* Well : choose thyself.

*Tell.* Have I a friend among the lookers on?

*Verner.* (*Rushing forward.*) Here, Tell.

*Tell.* I thank thee, Verner!

He is a friend who runs out into a storm  
To shake a hand with us. I must be brief :  
When once the bow is bent, we cannot take  
The shot too soon. Verner, whatever be  
The issue of this hour, the common cause  
Must not stand still. Let not to-morrow's sun  
Set on the tyrant's banner! Verner! Verner!  
The boy! — the boy! — Thinkest thou he hath the  
courage

To stand it?

*Ver.* Yes.

*Tell.* Does he tremble?

*Ver.* No.

*Tell.* Art sure?

*Ver.* I am.

*Tell.* How looks he?

*Ver.* Clear and smilingly :

If you doubt it — look yourself.

*Tell.* No — no — my friend ;  
To hear it is enough.

*Ver.* He bears himself so much above his years —

*Tell.* I know! — I know.

*Ver.* With constancy so modest! —

*Tell.* I was sure he would —

*Ver.* And looks with such relying love  
And reverence upon you —

*Tell.* Man! Man! Man!

No more! Already I am too much the father  
To act the man! — Verner, no more, my friend!  
I would be flint — flint — flint. Do not make me feel  
I am not — do not mind me! — Take the boy  
And set him, Verner, with his back to me.  
Set him upon his knees — and place this apple  
Upon his head, so that the stem may front me, —  
Thus, Verner; charge him to keep steady — tell him  
I will hit the apple: — Verner, do all this  
More briefly than I tell it thee.

*Ver.* Come, Albert! (*Leading him out.*)

*Alb.* May I not speak to him before I go?

*Ver.* No.

*Alb.* I would only kiss his hand.

*Ver.* You must not.

*Alb.* I must! — I cannot go from him without.

*Ver.* It is his will you should.

*Alb.* His will, is it?

I am content then — come.

*Tell.* My boy! (*Holding out his arms to him.*)

*Alb.* My father! (*Rushing into Tell's arms.*)

*Tell.* If thou canst bear it, should not I? — Go, now

My son — and keep in mind that I can shoot —  
Go, boy — be thou but steady, I will hit  
The apple — Go! — God bless thee — go. — My  
bow! — (*The bow is handed to him.*)

Thou wilt not fail thy master, wilt thou? — Thou  
Hast never failed him yet, old servant — No,  
I am sure of thee — I know thy honesty.

Thou art stanch — stanch. — Let me see my quiver.

*Ges.* Give him a single arrow

*Tell.* Do you shoot?

*Sol.* I do.

*Tell.* Is it so you pick an arrow, friend?

The point, you see is bent; the feather jagged.

(*Breaks it.*)

That is all the use it is fit for.

*Ges.* Let him have another.

*Tell.* Why, it is better than the first,  
But yet not good enough for such an aim  
As I am to take — It is heavy in the shaft:  
I will not shoot with it! (*Throws it away.*) Let me  
see my quiver.

Bring it! — It is not one arrow in a dozen  
I would take to shoot with at a dove, much less  
A dove like that. —

*Ges.* It matters not.  
Show him the quiver.

*Tell.* See if the boy is ready. (*Tell here hides an arrow under his vest.*)

*Ver.* He is.



*Tell.* I am ready, too ! Keep silent for Heaven's sake, and do not stir — and let me have Your prayers — your prayers — and be my witnesses That if his life is in peril from my hand, It is only for the chance of saving it. (*To the people.*)

*Ges.* Go on.

*Tell.* I will.

O friends, for mercy's sake, keep motionless  
And silent.

(*Tell shoots — a shout of joy bursts from the crowd —  
Tell's head drops on his bosom; he with difficulty  
supports himself upon his bow.*)

*Ver.* (*Rushing in with Albert.*) The boy is safe —  
no hair of him is touched.

*Alb.* Father, I am safe! — your Albert's safe, dear  
father, —

Speak to me! Speak to me!

*Ver.* He cannot, boy!

*Alb.* You grant him life?

*Ges.* I do.

*Alb.* And are we free?

*Ges.* You are.

*Alb.* Thank heavens! — thank heavens!

*Ver.* Open his vest,

And give him air.

(*Albert opens his father's vest and the arrow drops. Tell  
starts, fixes his eyes on Albert, and clasps him to his  
breast.*)

*Tell.* My boy! — My boy!

*Ges.* For what

Hid you that arrow in your breast? — Speak, slave!

*Tell.* To kill thee, tyrant, had I slain my boy!

— JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

James Sheridan Knowles (1784–1862) was an Irish dramatist.

## THE SONG OF THE HOLLY

feigning      benefits

Blow, blow, thou winter wind —

Thou art not so unkind

As man's ingratitude!

Thy tooth is not so keen,

Because thou art not seen,

Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly:

Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.

Then heigh ho! the holly!

This life is most jolly!

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky —

That dost not bite so nigh

As benefits forgot!

Though thou the waters warp,

Thy sting is not so sharp

As friend remembered not.

Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly,

Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.

Then heigh ho! the holly!

This life is most jolly!

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



## PONCE DE LEON

Marco Polo	marvelous	descriptions	savor
diverse	spicery	Mandeville	Bimini
	Pascua	Florida	

IN the hearts of the people of long ago there was much love of adventure. The more wonderful a story was the more they enjoyed it.

Once, long before Columbus discovered America, a man named Marco Polo made a long journey into the far East. When he came back he told stories so marvelous that all Europe was filled with wonder. Then he wrote a book, and the stories in the book were even more wonderful than the stories that he told.

All the scholars in Europe read this book. In it they found descriptions of giants, of dwarfs, of great deserts, of palaces of gold, and of trees and animals such as Europeans had never seen. As they read the book people knew not which things were true and which were "make believe." But it was very wonderful, and everybody enjoyed the book, and talked of it and dreamed about it.

Then there was another traveler, who wrote a book not unlike that of Marco Polo. In his book he said, "At the head of the forest there is a city. And beside the city there is a mountain whereof the city takes its

name, — and at the foot of this mountain there is a well, noble and fair. And the water has a sweet savor as it were of diverse spicery. And each hour of the day the water changes; and whoso drinks of that well shall be healed of what manner of disease he has; and nevermore shall he have sickness, but shall evermore seem young. I, John Mandeville, saw this well and thereof drank twice, — and evermore since that time I feel haler and better. Some men call this well the ‘fountain of youth.’”

When an author tells of a wonderful well like this, and says that he himself drank from it, who could fail to believe it? Certainly, not the people of those early times; for the world was so new and strange to them that they doubted no story, however wonderful.

There was one Spaniard, Ponce de Leon, who cared more for health and youth than for gold. He had crossed the ocean with Columbus, and so knew something of the land so far away. Moreover, when he was in those islands with Columbus, he heard the savages speak of a wonderful fountain like this one in Mandeville’s book.

“If I could only find it!” Ponce de Leon said.

So with three little vessels he set out from Spain. First of all he was to search for the fabled islands of Bimini. There was something wonderful about these

islands. Once some sailors, far out upon the ocean, had seen fair islands still farther to the west. When they returned to their country they told what they had seen. Three years later some priests sailed away upon the ocean and were gone a long time. When they came back they, too, told of the wonderful islands of Bimini, out upon the western waters.

There were cities upon these islands, the priests said; and there were great treasures of gold and of silver. The people were kind and gentle, and always friendly.

So it was to seek the islands of Bimini, rather than the Fountain of Youth, that the Spanish king fitted out a fleet for Ponce de Leon. But in Ponce de Leon's heart was hidden the hope of finding the famous fountain. One Easter morning the little vessels reached the bay near where St. Augustine now stands. It was a beautiful day, and the shores were richly covered with flowers and ferns. As Ponce de Leon looked out upon them, he thought of his home in Spain, where the churches were decked with flowers at Easter, and he said "Pascua Florida," which means, "the flowers of Easter-tide." Then the men said also "Pascua Florida," and they, too, thought of home, and it may be that some of them wished they were back in Spain again.

After spending a little time in this beautiful land, Ponce de Leon went back to Spain. The king made him governor of the new lands which he had found, and to which he had given the name of Florida. But he did not return to take possession of them for eight years, because his native country was at war with some of her neighbors, and the king needed his help.

When at length he did go, he took a number of his countrymen out with him, and founded a little colony. He still continued to search for the wonderful fountain. But it was not very long before he was fatally wounded in a battle with the Indians, and went to Cuba to die. Poor Ponce de Leon! For not in Florida, nor in the whole wide world, was that wonderful fountain to be found.

— MARA L. PRATT.

#### NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Who was Marco Polo? What did he do? What did he tell about? What other traveler wrote a book like that of Marco Polo? What did he discover? What is meant by the "Fountain of Youth"? What great explorer tried to find this Fountain of Youth? Did he succeed? Why not? What did Ponce de Leon discover? On what day? What did he call the place? Where did he die? What brought about his death? In what country was he born?

The foregoing extract has been taken from "America's Story for America's Children" by Mara L. Pratt.

## THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

schooner      hawthorn      veering      hurricane  
frothed      icicles      Norman's

It was the schooner Hesperus  
That sailed the wintry sea ;  
And the skipper had taken his little daughter  
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,  
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,  
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,  
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,  
His pipe was in his mouth,  
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow  
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old Sailor  
Had sailed the Spanish main,  
"I pray thee put into yonder port,  
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,  
And to-night no moon we see !"  
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,  
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,  
A gale from the Northeast ;  
The snow fell hissing in the brine,  
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain  
The vessel in its strength ;  
She shuddered and paused like a frightened steed,  
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither ! come hither ! my little daughter,  
And do not tremble so ;  
For I can weather the roughest gale  
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat  
Against the stinging blast ;  
He cut a rope from a broken spar,  
And bound her to the mast.

"O father ! I hear the church bells ring ;  
O say, what may it be ?"  
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast !"  
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father ! I hear the sound of guns ;  
O say, what may it be ?"

“Some ship in distress, that cannot live  
In such an angry sea!”

“O father! I see a gleaming light;  
O say, what may it be?”  
But the father answered never a word,  
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,  
With his face turned to the skies,  
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow  
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed  
That savèd she might be;  
And she thought of Christ, Who stilled the wave  
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,  
Through the whistling sleet and snow,  
Like a sheeted ghost the vessel swept  
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.<sup>1</sup>

And ever the fitful gusts between  
A sound came from the land;  
It was the sound of the trampling surf  
On the rocks and the hard sea sand.

<sup>1</sup> Norman's Woe is on the Massachusetts coast near Cape Ann.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,  
She drifted a dreary wreck,  
And a whooping billow swept the crew  
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves  
Looked soft as carded wool,  
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side  
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,  
With the masts went by the board ;  
Like a vessel of glass she stove and sank, —  
Ho ! ho ! the breakers roared !

At daybreak, on the bleak sea beach,  
A fisherman stood aghast,  
To see the form of a maiden fair,  
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,  
The salt tears in her eyes ;  
And he saw her hair, like the brown seaweed,  
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,  
In the midnight and the snow !



Christ save us all from a death like this,  
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

— HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

#### NOTES AND QUESTIONS

What picture does the first stanza bring to your mind? What does the skipper do? Tell about his little daughter. What did the old sailor say to the skipper? What did the skipper say to his daughter? What did she hear? What happened to the skipper? What was the first thought that came to his daughter's mind? What happened to the schooner? What did the fisherman see at daybreak? Did the skipper make a mistake in not taking the advice of the old sailor? What would you have done if you were in his place?

The skipper mentioned in this poem scorned the good advice of the old sailor. Had he been wise enough to follow the old gentleman's counsel, he might not have met such a tragic death.

SOME murmur when their sky is clear  
And wholly bright to view,  
If one small speck of dark appear  
In their great heaven of blue;  
And some with thankful love are filled  
If but one streak of light,  
One ray of God's good mercy, gild  
The darkness of their night.

— TRENCH.

# HARRY'S CONTRIBUTION

## I

gesture                      ornament                      representation  
prosperity                  generation

"Poor Harry Fielding," the village folks used to say, as a gentle, pale-faced boy passed along the street under the shadow of the elms and the maples.

But why did they say, "Poor Harry Fielding?"

Every one knew (for in such villages each one knows everybody, and everybody knows each one) that he had lain still for months on his cot with a weight on his left foot, to keep his leg straight and of the same length as the other, and that he had never been able to join in any of the boyish sports of his age.

But this was not all. For two, three, yes, perhaps five years, there had been a gradual loss of the precious sense of hearing. He was not utterly deaf, but pains must be taken to speak distinctly to him, in personal conversation, while general conversation was altogether lost on Harry. How keenly he felt this no one guessed, for he never complained.

Sometimes, when everybody in the room laughed over some pleasantry, he would say to the one nearest him, "What are they saying?" and this nearest one,

still with tears of laughter on his cheeks, would reply in a careless way, not even looking at Harry for fear of losing the next joke, "Oh, nothing worth repeating."

Sometimes, when the disappointment was very keen, a trembling would come to the sensitive lip, or a tear to the gentle eye of our Harry Fielding. Keener still was the pain when some gesture of impatience showed that it was too much trouble to repeat to him what he had not heard.

Thus it came about, that while everybody loved Harry Fielding, he was really leading a very lonely life. Perhaps no one understood this, but there was a certain something in his manner and expression, as he walked along the village street under the shadow of the elms and the maples, which caused the village folks to say, "Poor Harry Fielding!"

But while Harry was cut off from so many of the enjoyments of the young, sources of happiness had been opened to him. He had become very fond of books — good books, not mere stories and wonders. Descriptions of cities and countries, of beautiful churches and paintings, filled his imagination with charming pictures.

He lived in a world of his own, it may be, but it was a world of beauty, and also a land of holiness; for our Harry Fielding had found his greatest consolation in the practices of piety within his reach.

His rosary had always been his friend when confined to his bed with the heavy weight on his foot; and the little altar which his devoted mother had arranged for him within sight of his couch, and which



his sister at such times had always kept fair with flowers, was a constant source of pleasure.

Then, too, his quiet, thoughtful ways had prepared him very early to receive his First Communion; and after this, whenever he was confined to his bed, good Father James was always sure to bring Holy Communion on the days the other boys received, and on the great feast days. It was as if the rippling, laughing stream of a boy's life had deepened, so as to flow over the stones unheard.

But now came an event in the village, — one which aroused everybody. One Sunday Father James said that their church ought to have a marble altar; not one with nothing but straight lines for ornament, but beautifully carved, and on the front there must be a representation, cut in marble, of the Lord's Supper. Then, in the niches of the altar should be marble statues of the patron saints of the church, St. Peter and St. Paul.

All this would cost a good deal of money. But Father James reminded his people how abundantly God had blessed them, not only by the prosperity they had enjoyed year after year, but by having this well-built church left to them by a former generation, and which they were now bound, in honor, to beautify, in their turn, by erecting an altar which would show that the fervor of the parish had not declined with its prosperity.

Of course the rich men would give money, and all, Father James said, would, he hoped, give something, as the poor widow in the Gospel gave her mite.

## II

Leonardo      tabernacle      instruction      columbine  
trillium      cemetery      sacristan

Harry could not hear what Father James said in the church, but it came to his ears, first from one,

then from another; and it was talked about in the family of the Fieldings.

As he thought it over and over, a sort of aching desire came to him to give something to the altar, — something made by himself.

He had never been strong enough to be an altar boy. He could not carry the heavy missal from one end of the altar to the other, and could not kneel long enough to serve at Mass. Besides he could not hear to make the responses at the right time to the priest.

How often he had been tempted to envy the very youngest of the altar boys the honor of standing so near to our Lord in the tabernacle! But what if he could make something which would stand nearer to our Lord than any altar boy could do? What could this thing be?

During the long weeks in which he was so often confined to his bed, the boys were really very kind to Harry. The first pussy willows of the spring and the cheerful cowslips, too, were brought to him when a child, because he could not go for them himself; and his sisters brought him the first violets.

Little by little, with the help of his mother, he had copied these wild flowers, and painted them in his childish fashion.

A visitor having seen them, his parents were told that Harry had an uncommon talent for drawing and painting; that he only needed good instruction to find in this talent unthought-of happiness; while he might, if necessary, make by it an independent living for himself.

His parents, who never failed to do everything in their power to brighten Harry's lonely life, secured for him the best teacher in the country. So diligent was he that he soon became the delight of his teacher, the wonder of the village, and even of visitors from different cities.

The truth was, Harry had but one thought, to make his pictures as much like the living flowers brought to him as possible. He was never in a hurry to finish them, and the velvet petal of the purple pansy he was never tired of retouching.

All this had come about at the time Father James proposed the marble altar. But what could Harry make that would suit the hard marble, which could be touched only with a chisel?

The smallest child notices what looks like three printed pages in small frames on the altar. Sometimes there is a border around the printed page, and even some pictures. These always stand on the altar during Mass, for some of the prayers which are said by the priest at every Mass are in these small frames.

This thought came to Harry: "I will make a set of cards for the new altar, and will paint flowers and vines for the borders. This shall be the 'Widow's Mite' which Father James said the poorest person could give, for it is all I have to offer. Moreover, I will begin now, this Paschal time, and will paint the flowers which bloom between Easter day and Trinity Sunday, and I will call these cards the Paschal cards."

Full of this idea Harry set to work. The flowers could not be finished during one Paschal-tide, and the altar would not be ready for more than a year, so Harry was safe. No one but his father and mother were to know what he was painting; least of all Father James, for whom they would be such a pleasant surprise.

The foot of all three of the cards was like a bank of spring flowers. The long borders were given by budding grapevines, the buds being of a whitish pink, yellow, and green, only a little less bright than flowers. "And besides," said Harry, "the vine is one of the symbols of Christ in the Holy Eucharist."

At the sides, supported by the vines, stood tall columbines nodding on their stems. The large card which stands in the middle of the altar is divided into three parts, and in the middle part are those most sacred words and sentences which the priest pronounces when he consecrates the Sacred Host.



On this middle part, therefore, Harry put such flowers as would remind one of the Mystery of the Altar, and the most Holy Sacrifice of the Body and Blood of Jesus, our Redeemer.

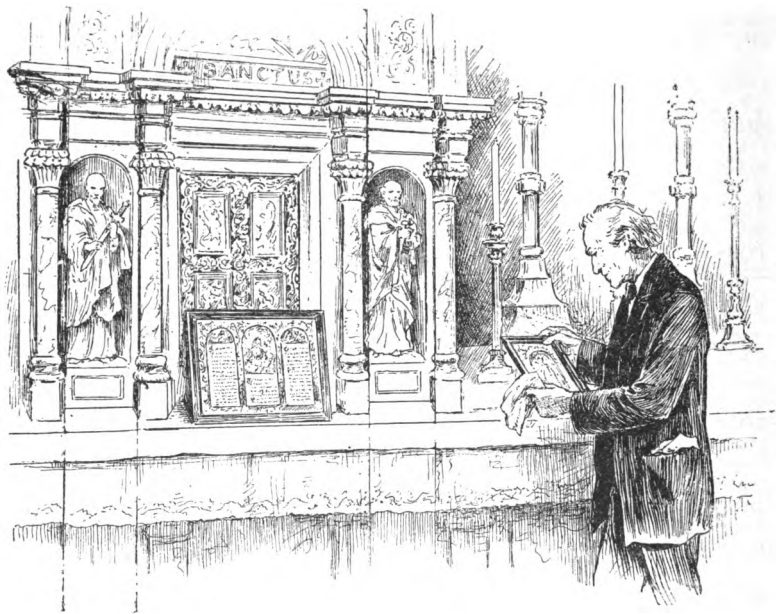
Supported by the budding grapevines, stood the white blossoms of the bloodroot, its large leaves cut into the edge in seven lobes, reminding Harry of the Seven Sacraments, which take all their graces from the Precious Blood; and these leaves wrapping themselves around the brittle stem, from which oozes, if broken, what looks like the water and blood which came from the side of our Saviour on the cross.

Just between these, he placed the pure white *Trilium*, or the flowers of the Holy Trinity, as Harry called it, because its leaves, its sepals, its petals, all grow in threes. Then as a heading for these sacred words and sentences, he copied our Lord in Leonardo's picture of the Last Supper, extending His holy hands over the bread and wine, which at that moment became His Body and Blood.

The cards were all done and beautifully framed by the time the marble altar, with its sculptured front, and its marble statues of the Apostles, was completed. They were set on the altar, ready for the first Mass, said by Father James himself.

Nothing could have pleased the good priest so much. When he praised the beauty of the design and the painting, Harry said: "You know, dear Father James, this is the 'Widow's Mite,' which you asked for, because it is all I have to give."

The Paschal-tide altar cards were carefully used;



used for many years after good Father James and Harry Fielding had been laid in the village cemetery.

Even now the gray-haired sacristan takes them out on Easter Sunday, dusts each frame and glass

carefully, then places them reverently on the altar, saying the while a fervent "May he rest in peace" for poor Harry Fielding. For who can value at its real worth whatever is, in deed and in truth, a "Widow's Mite!"

— ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

### NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Why did the people say "Poor Harry Fielding"? What source of happiness did he possess? What did Father James bring him? What improvement did Father James wish to make in the church? How did Harry spend the time when confined to his home? What did Harry propose to give to the altar? How are they decorated? Did Father James like them? Do they still exist?

Eliza Allen Starr (1842-1901), an art lecturer and poet, was born in Massachusetts.

### WORD DRILL

en, in, on, ten = n

golden	stolen	raisin	poison
open	widen	button	prison
chosen	kitten	cotton	glisten
broken	sweeten	season	often
frozen	maiden	reason	soften
seven	sudden	treason	listen
given	basin	lesson	hasten

## ROBIN REDBREAST

GOOD-BY, good-by to summer !  
For summer's nearly done ;  
The garden smiling faintly,  
Cool breezes in the sun ;  
Our thrushes now are silent,  
Our swallows flown away, —  
But Robin's here, in coat of brown,  
And ruddy breast-knot gay.  
Robin, Robin Redbreast,  
O Robin dear !  
Robin sings so sweetly  
In the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red, and orange,  
The leaves come down in hosts ;  
The trees are Indian princes,  
But soon they'll turn to ghosts ;  
The leathery pears and apples  
Hang russet on the bough ;  
It's autumn, autumn, autumn late,  
'Twill soon be winter now.  
Robin, Robin Redbreast,  
O Robin dear !  
And what will this poor Robin do ?  
For pinching days are near.

The fireside for the cricket,  
The wheatstack for the mouse,  
When trembling night winds whistle  
And moan all round the house.  
The frosty ways like iron,  
The branches plumed with snow, —  
Alas! in winter dead and dark,  
Where can poor Robin go?  
Robin, Robin Redbreast,  
O Robin dear!  
And a crumb of bread for Robin,  
His little heart to cheer!  
— WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

## WORDS AND DEEDS

SCORN not the slightest word or deed,  
Nor deem it void of power;  
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed  
That waits its natal hour.  
No act falls fruitless; none can tell  
How vast its power may be,  
Nor what results enfolded dwell  
Within it silently.  
— SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

## DAVID AND GOLIATH

anointed	stationed	opposite	Goliath
challenge	indignant	insisted	helmet

FOR many years the Israelites were governed by Judges. But after the reign of Samuel, the people grew tired of them and asked for a king to rule over them.

Much against his will, Samuel anointed Saul as the first king of the Israelites.

Saul was a brave and valiant man. While he obeyed the laws of God, everything went well with him. He conquered his enemies and gained new possessions for the Israelites.

But in the pride of his power, he disobeyed the laws of God. He was at once cut off from the throne of Israel and a new king appointed.

“Who was the new king?” I hear you ask.

He was a mere shepherd boy who had been tending his father’s flocks.

When David came in sight of Samuel, the Lord said to him : “Arise and anoint him, for this is he.”

Then Samuel took the horn of oil and anointed him in the midst of his brethren. And the spirit of the Lord came upon David from that day forward.

Not long after David had been anointed by Samuel,

a war broke out between the Israelites and the Philistines.

The Israelites were stationed on one hill and the Philistines on the opposite one, — a narrow valley lying between them.

David who had been tending his flocks was allowed to come to see his brothers who were fighting with the Israelites.

Shortly after his arrival, there came forth from the camp of the Philistines a giant named Goliath. He was six cubits and a span, he had a helmet of brass on his head, and he was covered with a coat of mail.

Thus arrayed, he cried out to the Israelites: "Why are you come out prepared to fight? Choose out a man from among your number, and let him fight me hand to hand.

"If he be able to fight me, and kill me, we will be servants to you: but if I conquer him, and kill him, you shall be servants of the Philistines."

This challenge frightened the Israelites. Not one of them was willing to fight Goliath.

When David saw that the Jewish soldiers were afraid of the giant, he was indignant. Thereupon he said to the men of the camp: "I will fight Goliath."

Accordingly he went to Saul and told him what he intended to do. But Saul said to him: "Thou art



Schnorr.

FIRST ANOINTING OF DAVID



not able to withstand this Philistine, nor to fight against him; for thou art but a boy."

David still insisted that he could fight the giant.

At last Saul said: "Go, and the Lord be with thee."

David put on a coat of mail and a helmet of brass. But when he tried to walk in them, he could not. Thereupon he laid aside all the armor, and taking five smooth stones from the brook and putting a sling in his hand, he went forth to meet the giant.

When Goliath saw him, he said to David: "Come to me, and I will give thy flesh to the birds of the air and to the beasts of the earth."

David said to Goliath: "Thou comest to me with a sword, with a spear, and with a shield: but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of Hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, Whom thou hast defied.

"This day the Lord will deliver thee into my hand, and I will slay thee, and take away thy head from thee."

Goliath now began to advance towards David. The latter putting one of the stones into his sling, sent it with all his force into the forehead of Goliath, who fell to the ground.

When David saw the giant fall, he ran to the spot, took the sword, and cut off Goliath's head.

Then the Philistines, seeing that their leader was dead, fled away as quickly as possible.

— THE BOOK OF KINGS.

#### NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Who was the first king to rule over the Israelites? Why was he set aside? Who succeeded him? How did David show that he was a brave man? Who was Goliath? What did he say to David? How did David answer him? What happened to the giant? What is the meaning of "six cubits and a span"? Have you ever seen a sling?

King David, the Shepherd King who succeeded Saul in ruling over the people of Israel, was not only a famous warrior, but a musician and the greatest poet of his time. He is regarded as the founder of the sublime religious poetry of the Hebrews.

#### THE BAREFOOT BOY

BLESSINGS on thee, little man —  
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!  
With thy turned-up pantaloons,  
And thy merry whistled tunes,  
With thy red lip, redder still,  
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;  
With the sunshine on thy face,  
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;  
From my heart I give thee joy!  
I was once a barefoot boy!

— JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

## BREAKING A HABIT

“How shall I a habit break?”  
As you did that habit make.  
As you gathered, you must lose;  
As you yielded, now refuse.  
Thread by thread the strands we twist,  
Till they bind us, neck and wrist;  
Thread by thread the patient hand  
Must untwine ere free we stand,  
As we builded, stone by stone,  
We must toil, unhelped, alone,  
Till the wall is overthrown.

But remember, as we try,  
Lighter every test goes by:  
Wading in, the stream grows deep  
Towards the center's downward sweep;  
Backward turn, each step ashore  
Shallower is than that before.  
Ah, the precious years we waste  
Leveling what we raised in haste;  
Doing what must be undone  
Ere content or love be won!  
First, across the gulf we cast  
Kite-borne threads till lines are passed,  
And habit builds the bridge at last!

— JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

# THE ST. CECILIA OF UPPER PETER

## I

Saranac      huddled      Pelkas      government  
reservation      gruffly      agent

"I AM sorry, girls, but I must go. The message says start at once, as I must be at the meeting to-night," said Captain Clark as he drew on his fur coat and looked at the two girls who were making an attempt to appear brave.

"Keep the boys in, Margaret, as there may be spies about, and Saranac must not know of my absence. It seems too bad to go and leave you on your arrival, Nan. I shall be back in time, however, to keep Christmas. Watch the boys, Margaret," and the Captain called the two boys and started to join the Indian carrier who waited for him in the sledge outside.

The boys gave bear hugs to their father and hurried in to inspect their cousin Nan, who had arrived that morning from the East.

"I am so glad you are here, Nan," said Margaret, as the sledge disappeared. "Fancy having to spend Christmas here alone."

"Let us make the best of it," said Nan, smiling bravely. "No one can come near us. I heard the

carrier assure your father that the Pelkas were all at Lower Peter and would not move while the weather is so cold. Besides, there is nothing to take but the boys and us."

"There is a bag of Government papers and money in father's keeping, and Saranac knows it. If he should find out that father had gone to the Reservation, he would surely pounce on us. There is trouble brewing, as several of the settlers' horses have been stolen.

"But there! Instead of getting you some dinner I am drawing pictures of horror for your Christmas. But really, Nan, I do not like father's going so hurriedly. I should not mind it, but the soldiers are not at the fort. They were transferred last week, and here we are, four lonely people, at the mercy of the savages, if they should choose to wait upon us."

"Never mind, Margaret," said Nan briskly, as the boys played in the next room. "Saranac has no way of finding out that the fort is empty and your father gone. Uncle will be back early in the morning, and we will not be much afraid for one night. This is my first experience in the wilderness, and I am going to enjoy it," and the girl went to the window and looked across the frozen lake that divided Upper Peter from the islands where the Indians had encamped for the winter.

Captain Clark was the Government's agent at Upper Peter, and lived in the small stone house beside the fort, two miles from the nearest neighbor. Nan Clark, his niece, had always been interested in her far-away cousins, but never had a chance to visit them. At last one presented itself.

Nan was a singer. After a severe illness in the fall she had lost her voice, a loss which she felt keenly, as her voice was her means of earning a living. Her doctor ordered her to go where she could have a complete rest. She wrote to her uncle and received a pressing invitation to spend the winter with Margaret.

Nan arrived the day before Christmas to find the fort deserted and her uncle ordered to the Reservation. The girls spent a merry afternoon. Nan told gay stories and kept the boys interested.

Before tea time Margaret went upstairs to hunt for some books, and George slipped out.

Nan soon missed him and started in pursuit. She whistled and called, but received no response. She hurried towards the patch of the woods near the edge of the lake. As she neared the woods she was surprised to hear voices, and stopped suddenly. From behind a clump of young firs she saw two Indians sitting huddled together, with a gayly dressed young chief

standing beside them. George stood at the chief's side, held by a leather strap.

Nan crouched down in the soft snow and listened eagerly as they questioned the boy.



"Yes, pa is gone," said George. "He will be back in the morning."

"Is there any one at the fort?" said the chief, gruffly.

"No."

"Any one at the house?"

"No one but me and Margaret and Fred."

"Are you sure?"





and molasses. Fred was toasting bread before the sitting-room fire.

"Please light the lamp, Nan. Margaret has fallen asleep upstairs and pa does not let us touch the lamps," said Fred, when he had toasted the last slice.

Nan lit the lamp and made the tea. Margaret soon entered and apologized for leaving them so long. George ate his supper in silence and accompanied Fred to bed.

"Are you afraid, Nan?" said Margaret, as the girls sat before the fire in Margaret's room.

"Yes, I am afraid," confessed Nan, and she whispered the adventure of the afternoon.

Margaret shivered. "That chief is Saranac's son."

"We must do something. Could we not steal into the fort and hide the bag?" asked Nan.

"No, dear. One of the Indians is probably on the watch for fear George might tell."

"I put the bag under our bed and have barred the doors," said Nan as she combed out her long yellow hair.

"You look just like the St. Cecilia at the fort, Nan," said Margaret, as she watched her fair cousin.

"Tell me about her," and Nan sat on the floor.

"There is a picture up at the fort that is very lovely. It represents St. Cecilia, with arms outstretched,

looking heavenward. She is dressed in a flowing white robe, with her hair hanging over her shoulders. The picture belonged to Father Shaw, and hung over the altar in the mission chapel, and do you know, Nan, Saranac is afraid of that picture."

"Afraid?" asked Nan.

"Yes. He killed the Father and burned the chapel. One of the officers succeeded in saving the picture, as it is valuable. He keeps it hung in the fort. Saranac will not go near it, as the officer told him that the picture lady would come to life some day and destroy him for his cruelty. He believed it, and was really scared. Indians, you know, are very superstitious."

"Oh, Margaret!" cried Nan, rising, "I will be St. Cecilia."

"What do you mean?"

"I will be St. Cecilia," repeated Nan, "and frighten Saranac if he comes. I know the position. I have done it in a tableau. That great window at the end of the room swings in. I will stand on the sill and —"

"Oh, Nan! You dear, brave girl! Are you not afraid?" cried Margaret.

"Not a mite; we can use the sheets for drapery. He does not know I am here. Have you any pine that will make a torch to hold behind me? There must be a halo, you know."

"No," said Margaret, "but there is the powder that makes a red light. The soldiers use it for signals. Could we use that?"

"That is just the thing. Hark!"

"It is the trees," said Margaret, as a crackling noise was heard. "The powder is in the storeroom, will you come with me and get it?"

"Let us put out the light and steal down for it. I am sure I heard footsteps," whispered Nan.

Margaret soon found the little keg. The girls hurried to their room and quickly arranged a sheet in front of the window.

"Now Margaret," whispered Nan, as footsteps could be heard crunching over the hard snow, "we will watch. When I tell you, take out a hot coal on the shovel and light the powder. You crouch down so that your shadow will not be thrown on the sheet."

Margaret crept to the window and looked out, as two dark figures appeared.

"It is Saranac and his son. The others are on horseback. They mean to take all the stores."

"Now Margaret, now dear, be brave. It is almost Christmas morning, and God will help us," and Nan stepped in front of the sheet.

The window swung in. Saranac started and looked up to see a soft rosy light, that grew deeper and deeper

into crimson, and brought out clearly a tall, white-robed figure, with outstretched arms, and streaming golden hair. Saranac drew nearer. The tall figure advanced slowly to the window and stood on the wide



sill. With a low cry of "*Jee bi ! Jee bi !*" he drew back into the shadow of the trees. He watched a moment and advanced again. The white figure moved nearer the edge and made a motion as if to step off. The light burned brighter.

"The white lady! *Pau guk ! Pau guk !*" he shrieked, jumping on the nearest horse and riding away as fast as he could. The rest followed. When the sound of the horses' tramp-

ing died away, Nan sank in a shivering heap on the floor.

Margaret smothered her light and quickly closed the window.

"They are gone. You dear, brave Nan," she cried, rubbing Nan's cold hands.

The boys rushed into the room terrified, but were soon quieted.

"You did as much as I, Margaret," Nan whispered faintly, as she sat by the fire and tried to get warm.

Captain Clark arrived in the morning with a number of soldiers. Saranac was captured and the stolen horses returned.

One of Nan's dearest possessions is the picture of St. Cecilia, which she received for a Christmas present.

— S. WARD.

#### NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Where did the Clark family live? What is a reservation? Who came to visit them? Why did she need rest? What was the name of the Indian chief? Who told the Indians that Mr. Clark had left home? How did Nan know it? Did she tell Margaret? What was the story of the picture of St. Cecilia? What did Nan propose to do? How did they make the red light? What did Saranac say when he saw the white-robed figure at the window? Then what did all the Indians do? What Christmas present did Nan get? What is the meaning of "*Jee bi*," "*Pau guk*"?

Jee bi! Jee bi! means a spirit! a spirit!

Pau guk! Pau guk! means death! death!

God give us men! A time like this demands  
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready  
hands.

— J. G. HOLLAND.

## THE FLAG

meteor	crisis	recreant	license
Pontiff's	grandeur	sacrilegious	discord
	seduced	labarum	

THEY say I do not love thee,  
Flag of my native land,  
Whose meteor-folds above me  
To the free breeze expand ;  
Thy broad stripes proudly streaming,  
And thy stars so brightly gleaming.

They say I would forsake thee,  
Should some dark crisis lower ;  
That, recreant, I should make thee  
Crouch to a foreign power ;  
Seduced by license ample,  
On thee, blest flag, to trample.

False are the words they utter,  
Ungenerous their brand,  
And rash the oaths they mutter,  
Flag of my native land ;  
While still in hope above me  
Thou wavest — and I love thee.

They say that bolts of thunder,  
Hurled by the Pontiff's hand,  
May rive and bring thee under,  
Flag of my native land,  
And with one blow dissever  
My heart from thee forever.

God is my love's first duty,  
To Whose eternal Name  
Be praise for all thy beauty,  
Thy grandeur and thy fame ;  
But ever have I reckoned  
Thine, native flag, its second.

Woe to the foe or stranger  
Whose sacrilegious hand  
Would touch thee or endanger,  
Flag of my native land ;  
Though some would fain discard thee,  
Mine should be raised to guard thee.

Then, wave, thou first of banners,  
And in thy gentle shade  
Let creeds, opinions, manners,  
In love and peace be laid ;  
And there, all discord ended,  
Our hearts and souls be blended.

Stream on, stream on, before us,  
Thou labarum of light,  
While in one general chorus  
Our vows to thee, we plight;  
Unfaithful to thee? — Never!  
My country's flag forever!

— REV. C. C. PISE, D.D.

### NOTES AND QUESTIONS

This patriotic poem was written to show that Catholics love their country's flag as intensely and as steadfastly as any of their fellow countrymen.

Rev. Charles Constantine Pise, D.D. (1802–1866), a cultured writer and poet, was born in Annapolis, Maryland. Father Pise has the distinction of being the only priest who has acted as chaplain of the United States Senate.

### THE EPIPHANY

If I were a king this festal day,  
In a regal palace I would not stay,  
I would ease my coffers of yellow gold,  
Enough for my royal train to hold;  
Oh, gold and sceptre and crown I'd bring  
As a gift of love to the Baby King.

— REV. HUGH F. BLUNT.



## HOW UNCLE PODGER HUNG A PICTURE

commotion	Podger	semicircle	original
critical	Goggles	regards	grovel

You never saw such a commotion up and down a house, in all your life, as when my Uncle Podger undertook to do a piece of work. A picture would have come home from the framemaker's, and be standing in the dining-room waiting to be put up; and Aunt Podger would ask what was to be done with it, and Uncle Podger would say —

“Oh, you leave that to me. Don't you worry. I will do all that.”

And then he would take off his coat, and begin. He would send the girl out for ten cents' worth of nails, and then one of the boys after her to tell her what size to get; and from that, he would gradually work down, and start the whole house.

“Now you go and get me a hammer, Will,” he would shout; “and you bring me the rule, Tom; and I shall want the step-ladder, and I had better have a kitchen chair, too; and, Jim, you run round to Mr. Goggles, and give him, ‘Pa's kind regards, and hopes his leg is better; and will he lend me his spirit level?’ And don't you go, Maria, because I shall want somebody to hold the light for me; and when the girl comes

back, she must go out again for a bit of picture cord ; and Tom ! — where is Tom ? — Tom, you come here ; I shall want you to hand me up the picture.”

And then he would lift up the picture and drop it, and it would come out of the frame, and he would try to save the glass, and cut himself ; and then he would spring round the room, looking for his handkerchief, because it was in the pocket of the coat he had taken off, and he did not know where he had put the coat, and all the house had to leave off looking for his tools, and start looking for his coat ; while he would dance round and hinder them.

“Does not anybody in the whole house know where my coat is ? I never came across such a set in all my life — upon my word, I did not. Six of you ! — and you cannot find a coat that I put down not five minutes ago ! Well of all the —”

Then he would get up, and find that he had been sitting on it, and would call out —

“Oh, you can give it up ! I have found it myself now. Might just as well ask the cat to find anything as expect you people to find it.”

And, when half an hour had been spent in tying up his finger, and a new glass had been got, and the tools, and the ladder, and the chair, and the candle had been got, he would have another go, the whole family,

including the girl, standing round in a semicircle, ready to help. Two people would have to hold the chair, and a third would help him up on it, and hold him there, and a fourth would hand him a nail, and a fifth would pass him up a hammer, and he would take hold of the nail and drop it.

"There!" he would say, in an injured tone, "now the nail is gone."

And we would all have to go down on our knees and grovel for it, while he would stand on the chair, and grunt, and want to know if he was to be kept there all evening.

The nail would be found at last, but by that time he would have lost the hammer.

"Where's the hammer? What did I do with the hammer? Good gracious! Seven of you, gaping round there, and you don't know what I did with the hammer!"

We would find the hammer for him, and then he would have lost sight of the mark he had made on the wall, where the nail was to go in, and each of us would have to get up on the chair, beside him, and see if we could find it; and we would each discover it in a different place, and he would call us all fools, one after the other, and tell us to get down. And he would take the rule, and remeasure, and find that he wanted

half thirty-one and three eighths inches from the corner, and would try to do it in his head, and go mad.

And we would all try to do it in our heads, and all arrive at different results, and sneer at one another. And in the general commotion the original number



would be forgotten, and Uncle Podger would have to measure it again.

He would use a bit of string this time, and at the critical moment, when he was leaning over the chair at an angle of forty-five, and trying to reach a point three inches beyond what was possible for him to reach, the

string would slip, and down he would slide on to the piano, a really fine musical effect being produced by the suddenness with which his head and body struck all the notes at the same time.

And Aunt Maria would say that she would not allow the children to stand round and hear such language.

At last Uncle Podger would get the spot fixed again, and put the point of the nail on it with his left hand, and take the hammer in his right hand. And, with the first blow, he would smash his thumb, and drop the hammer, with a yell, on somebody's toes. Aunt Maria would mildly observe that, the next time Uncle Podger was going to hammer a nail into the wall, she hoped he'd let her know in time, so that she could make arrangements to go and spend a week with her mother while it was being done.

"Oh, you women, you make such a fuss over everything," Uncle Podger would reply, picking himself up. "Why, I like doing a little job of this sort."

And then he would have another try, and, at the second blow, the nail would go clean through the plaster, and half the hammer after it, and Uncle Podger be thrown against the wall with force nearly sufficient to flatten his nose.

Then we had to find the rule and string again, and a new hole was made; and, about midnight, the pic-

ture would be up — very crooked and insecure, the wall for yards round looking as if it had been smoothed down with a rake, and everybody dead beat and wretched — except Uncle Podger.

“There you are,” he would say, stepping heavily off the chair on to the girl’s corns. “Why, some people would have had a man in to do a little thing like that !”

— JEROME K. JEROME.

Jerome K. Jerome (1859– ), an English humorist, was born in Walsall.

SOLDIER, rest ! thy warfare o’er,  
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking ;  
Dream of battle-fields no more,  
Days of danger, nights of waking.  
In our isle’s enchanted hall,  
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,  
Fairy strains of music fall,  
Every sense in slumber dewing.  
Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o’er,  
Dream of battle-fields no more ;  
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,  
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

— SIR WALTER SCOTT.

## A CANADIAN BOAT SONG

rapids      Utawa      surges

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,  
Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time.  
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,  
We'll sing at Saint Ann's our parting hymn.  
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,  
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past !

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?  
There is not a breath, the blue wave to curl ;  
But when the wind blows off the shore,  
Oh, sweetly we'll rest our weary oar !  
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,  
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past !

Utawa's<sup>1</sup> tide ! this trembling moon  
Shall see us float over thy surges soon,  
Saint of this green isle ! hear our prayers,  
Oh, grant us cool heavens, and favoring airs.  
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,  
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past !

— THOMAS MOORE.

<sup>1</sup> Ottawa.

## BROTHERLY LOVE

acquainted      discussion      justify      Samaritans  
infested      minimizing      particle

ONE day when our Blessed Lord was preaching to a multitude that was so great that they trod on one another in their efforts to get near Him, a Scribe broke in upon Him, asking, "Master, what must I do to possess eternal life?"

For a moment there was a dead silence.

Then Jesus answered, "You are acquainted with the law; what do the Ancients say?"

The Scribe, straightening himself up for a conflict, replied, "Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind, and with thy whole strength; and thy neighbor as thyself."

Jesus said, "Thou hast answered rightly, do that and thou shalt live."

The Scribe, however, was not satisfied. His question, instead of bringing forth the desired discussion, had been turned upon himself. So, wishing to justify himself, he said, "It is easy enough to say that I must love my neighbor as myself; but first I must know who my neighbor is."

Now this was a matter upon which there was a great



difference of opinion between the Scribes and Jesus. The Scribes said that "neighbor" meant only those who practiced the same religion as themselves and were friendly; while Jesus said that it meant everybody, even the Samaritans, a nation to whom the Jews were strongly opposed, and with whom they had had many a bitter conflict.

So it looked as if the desired discussion might be forthcoming after all. But Jesus simply said: "Listen," and He told this story:—

Once upon a time, a Jew was traveling from Jerusalem to Jericho,—a very dangerous journey, for the road was infested by robbers. He had covered most of the distance, and was beginning to look forward to his safe arrival in the city, when, of a sudden, he was attacked by a number of men who rushed from behind a great, high boulder and pounced upon him,—felling him to the ground, and beating him unmercifully. When they had stripped him of all he had, they left him there half dead, lying in the roadway.

After some time, a Jewish priest came along. When he saw the wounded man, he was reminded only of his own danger, and crossed over to the other side, and hurried on his way.

By and by, another traveler happened that way. This time it was one of the assistants in the Temple.



*Plockhorst.*

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

He also, when he saw the man, lying bleeding in the roadway, thought only of his own danger, and crossed over, and hurried past.

After that, the painful hours dragged by slowly until evening, — the most dangerous part of the day. Then a Samaritan chanced along. When he saw the helpless man, he was moved with compassion; and coming over to him, he knelt down beside him, and anointed his wounds, pouring oil and wine. When he had restored him, he lifted him upon his own beast, and walked slowly beside him, till they came to an inn. All that night he sat up watching him. When morning came, giving money to the innkeeper, he said, "Take care of this man until he is well; and whatever it costs you over and above, I, on my return, will repay you."

Jesus told this story as He alone could tell it. When He had finished He turned inquiringly to His questioner.

The Scribe, however, deeming no doubt that silence was the best means of minimizing the force of the lesson taught, said nothing.

But Jesus was unwilling that any particle of the lesson should be lost. So He said to him, "Which of these three, think you, was neighbor to him who fell among the robbers?"

The Scribe, not so much as even deigning to use the word "Samaritan," so greatly did he hate them all, muttered, "He, I suppose, that was merciful unto him."

Jesus said, "Thou hast answered well; go thou and do in like manner."

— *From "The Divine Story,"*

by REV. CORNELIUS J. HOLLAND, S.T.L.

### NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Who were the Scribes? What did the Scribe ask our Lord? How did He answer him? How did Jesus explain the meaning of the word "neighbor"? What did the three men mentioned in the story do? Which one of them showed brotherly love?

Our Blessed Lord in commending the conduct of the Samaritan teaches us to be always kind and merciful.

### WORD DRILL

cial, tial = shal

social	financial	partial	essential
glacial	official	martial	influential
crucial	judicial	substantial	providential
provincial	artificial	potential	circumstantial
commercial	beneficial	prudential	confidential

NEITHER a borrower nor a lender be,  
For loan oft loses both itself and friend.

— SHAKESPEARE.

## THE CHILDREN'S APPEAL

GIVE us light amid our darkness ;  
Let us know the good from ill ;  
Hate us not for all our blindness ;  
Love us, lead us, show us kindness, —  
You can make us what you will.

We are willing, we are ready ;  
We would learn if you would teach ;  
We have hearts that yearn towards duty ;  
We have minds alive to beauty ;  
Souls that any heights can reach.

We shall be what you will make us : —  
Make us wise, and make us good ;  
Make us strong for time of trial ;  
Teach us temperance, self-denial,  
Patience, kindness, fortitude.

Look into our childish faces ;  
See you not our willing hearts ?  
Only love us — only lead us ;  
Only let us know you need us,  
And we all will do our parts.

Train us ; try us ; days slip onward,  
They can ne'er be ours again :

Save us ; save from our undoing ;  
Save from ignorance and ruin ;  
Free us all from wrong and stain.

Send us to our loving mothers,  
Angel-stamped in heart and brow.  
We may be our fathers' teachers ;  
We may be the mightiest preachers,  
In the day that dawneth now.

Such the children's mute appealing.  
All my inmost soul was stirred,  
And my heart was bowed with sadness,  
When a cry, like summer's gladness,  
Said, "The children's prayer is heard!"

— MARY HOWITT.

Not myrrh nor frankincense I bring,  
Nor gems, nor golden store ;  
But, Lord, I offer at thy feet,  
What Thou dost value more.  
'Tis all I have ; I freely give  
That which alone is mine,  
For Thou hast asked it, "Son, thy heart!"  
Receive it, Lord, 'tis Thine.

— REV. FRANCIS J. BUTLER.

## THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON

[The following interesting sketch is found in the third chapter of "The Swiss Family Robinson," which gives an account of the adventures of a shipwrecked family on an uninhabited island near New Guinea.]

### I

passengers	Fritz	lobster	nourishment
Ernest	refuge	foliage	kernel

AT early dawn we were aroused by the crowing of the cocks, and my wife and I consulted together on the best plan to adopt during the day. She agreed with me that not only was it necessary to search for some trace of our fellow-passengers, but also to explore the country before we decided upon our future resting place. She proposed that I should take Fritz, as he was the strongest and the most useful, and leave the younger boys under her care. I begged her to prepare breakfast while I aroused the boys.

"We have not much left for breakfast," she said, "only the remains of the soup."

"But where is Jack's lobster?" I cried. "What has he done with it?"

"Go and ask him," she replied, "while I light a fire and place the water on to boil."

The boys were soon awake — even Ernest did not require much to rouse him — and then I inquired of Jack what had become of the lobster.

He ran at once to fetch it from a hole in the rock, where he had hidden it for safety.

“I did not want the dogs to devour it, papa,” he said.

“Certainly you take care of what belongs to yourself, my boy,” I said, “but they are happier who care for the wants of others. I think, also, you ought to give up to Fritz the claws of the lobster which I promised you, to provide him with a dinner on his journey to-day.”

“A journey! a journey!” they all cried. “Are we going?” and they began to jump and dance round me like young kids.

“This time it is impossible,” I said; “we know not what dangers we may meet. Fritz and I have strength to struggle against them, and to bear the fatigue of a long journey, which you could not. You must stay here with your mother, in safety. We shall take Turk with us, and leave Floss to guard you.”

Jack offered the whole of his lobster for our use on the journey, but Ernest remarked dryly, “They will, no doubt, find plenty of coconuts; and they will be far nicer than your lobster, Jack.”



When I desired Fritz to take his gun and an axe, with a game bag, he blushed, and asked my permission to choose another instead of his own.

To this I readily agreed, although I would not notice the blush. I knew that he had injured his gun in trying to strike the dogs on the previous evening, and I felt pleased to see that he still remembered his outburst of temper with shame.

I told him, however, to place two small pistols in his belt, while I loaded the game bag with powder and shot, some biscuits, and a bottle of water.

By this time breakfast was ready; it consisted of the lobster and some biscuits. The flesh, however, of the fish was so hard, and of such an unpleasant flavor, that no one regretted its loss when Fritz placed what remained in the game bag.

"We ought to start soon, papa," he said, "before the heat of the day comes on."

"Quite right, my boy," I replied; "but we have forgotten something of great importance."

"What is it?" he asked — "to say farewell to mamma and the boys?"

"I know," said Ernest — "we have not had morning prayers yet."

"Yes, my boy, that is it. We are apt to forget God too easily while we are thinking of the nourish-

ment of our bodies and other requirements of this life, and yet we never wanted His help and protection more surely than we do now."

Jack, who was behind me, forgot himself in a love of fun; he pretended to pull a rope, and shouted. "Bim bom, bim bom, bibibom! To prayers! to prayers!" in imitation of the church bells.

I turned quickly, exclaiming: "Wicked child, to mix up jokes and fun with sacred things! Go away; I shall not allow you to kneel with us."

Jack withdrew and knelt at a distance, and then, after beseeching God in His mercy still to protect us, and especially to watch over us while we were separated, I implored pardon for the little one among us who had acted so thoughtlessly.

When I had finished, Jack came to me in tears, and, expressing his sorrow, asked me to forgive him and promised never to commit such a fault again. I readily pardoned him, and felt thankful as I reflected that, whatever might be the faults of my children, they were always ready to acknowledge themselves wrong and to seek forgiveness.

Before Fritz and I started, I called the younger boys round their mother, and enjoined them to obey her in everything. I reminded her also to be sure and keep a loaded gun close at hand, and not to lose sight

of our tub boat, as in case of alarm it would prove a place of refuge.

At last we separated. Fritz and I heard the sorrowful good-bys of those we left behind till we reached the banks of the stream which we intended to cross.



Across the narrowest part we contrived to leap from stone to stone, and, after a struggle over broken rocks and tall, withered grass, we reached the opposite bank in safety.

We had not advanced a hundred steps when we heard a strange noise and a rustling in the grass behind

us. I stopped, and saw Fritz fearlessly raise his gun and wait calmly for the unknown enemy, which proved to be no other than our dog, Turk. In our trouble we had forgotten to call him, and he had been sent after us.

"You see, my son," I said, "how fatal our passions are if not under control. Yesterday through your anger, and to-day from fear, you might have destroyed our best and most useful friend."

While conversing thus we reached the seashore. Here we stood still for a while, looking in every direction across the ocean, in the hope of discovering the boats containing our fellow-passengers; but not even in the sand could we find any trace of the footsteps of man.

"If I were to fire my gun from time to time, and they should be on the land, they would perhaps hear it," said Fritz.

"Very likely," I replied; "but these signals might bring wild beasts upon us, which would not be very agreeable."

"Why should we trouble ourselves about those who forsook us so cruelly?" asked Fritz.

"For several reasons, my boy," I replied; "and first because we ought always to return good for evil, and, therefore, if they could not be useful to us, we

might help them greatly, for they carried nothing away from the wreck."

We continued our walk inland, and at the end of two hours arrived at the entrance of a wood not far from the sea. Here we halted, and seated ourselves in the cool shade by a rippling brook which flowed under the trees. Around us fluttered happy birds of various kinds, twittering and singing joyously; but they were less remarkable for sweetness of song than for the brightness of their plumage.

Presently Fritz fancied he saw an ape among the foliage, and the uneasiness of Turk, who barked furiously, confirmed him in his idea. He rose to assure himself that he was right, and, while looking up, and regardless of his steps, he struck his foot against something round which had fallen in his path.

He picked it up and, bringing it to me, he said: "What is this, papa? I think it must be the nest of some bird."

I smiled as I replied, "It is a nut, my boy, a coconut, too."

"Some birds make round nests, I know," he persisted.

"Certainly they do, but that is no reason that this should be a nest. Do you not remember that the coconut has two shells, the outer one thin and covered with fibres, and the inner one hard and containing a milky

fluid? Break it, Fritz, and you will find the inner nut or kernel inside."

He obeyed, but the nut was evidently an old one, for the inside of the kernel was quite decayed and unfit to eat.

Fritz was disappointed; he had expected to find the sweet milk and the white lining to the inner shell, and asked me a number of questions respecting the nut, which I answered carefully.

After this lesson in natural history I proposed that we should go farther into the wood, where, no doubt, grew other coconut trees, and perhaps meet with a fresher nut.

We succeeded at last in finding another, but even this was unpleasant in taste and contained no milk.

## II

calabash	flexible	suspended	fragile
peninsula	terminated	verdure	anticipated
glutinous	moderation	jabbering	menaces

A little farther on, the wood became so thick that we were obliged to cut our way through with a hatchet. At last, when the trees grew farther apart, we saw to our right, scattered here and there, trees of a peculiar species. which attracted the notice of Fritz.

Presently his keen eyes saw two of such a strange appearance that he stopped to examine them, and then cried, "Papa, only look at those trees, with large bulbs growing on the trunks; do come and examine them."

I drew nearer, and found to my great satisfaction a group of calabash trees loaded with fruit. Fritz could not understand my pleasure.

"Whatever can those bulbs be?" he asked.

"We will soon discover the secret," I replied. "Gather one of them, and let us examine the inside of it."

Immediately he placed in my hands a common gourd, or pumpkin, with a shell which seemed to me, however, unusually soft.

"This gourd, Fritz," I said, "has in general a hard, dry shell, of which cups, plates, and bottles can be made. The flexible stem of the plant on which it grows winds itself round the trunks and boughs of large and strong trees, from which the gourd is suspended. And can you guess for what reason?"

"Yes," replied Fritz; "without this support the weight of the gourd would break the branches of the plant on which it grows."

"You have guessed rightly," I replied; "and it will prove to you how wisely all things are arranged by God."

"Are the gourds good to eat?" he asked.

"They are eaten sometimes," I said, "although they are not pleasant to the taste. The shell, however, is very useful to savage nations. They make cups and plates, spoons, bottles, and even cooking vessels of it."

"Vessels for cooking!" exclaimed Fritz. "Why, that seems impossible! The shell would burn if placed on the fire."

"Of course it would," I replied; "but they manage to cook without doing so."

"That is a curious idea, to cook without fire."

"My boy, you jump at conclusions too quickly. I did not say they cooked their food without fire. I wish you would reflect before you speak. Let me explain. The natives, when they use the gourd for cooking, divide the shell into two parts and fasten a handle on each. Into these they pour water, and while the dinner is being quickly prepared the shell remains unhurt."

"Perhaps, if I had reflected, I should have guessed how they managed," said Fritz; "it is a very clever plan, certainly."

"And you are as clever as the friends of Columbus. After he had discovered how to make an egg stand on its narrowest point, they said any one might have thought of cracking it gently to flatten it, as he did."



"I suppose I am like the friends of Columbus," said Fritz, laughing; "at all events, I shall be overjoyed at being able to provide my mother with spoons instead of oyster-shells, as well as cups and basins."

Fritz took up a gourd as he spoke, and attempted to divide it with his knife, but without success.

The blade appeared unable to penetrate the shell, and, after notching his knife and spoiling the gourd, he threw the latter away in a fit, wondering at the hardness of a shell which seemed so soft.

He watched me with surprise as I tied a piece of string tightly round the gourd, which slightly opened the bark; I then drew it tighter, and inserted the point of my knife in the opening; it became at once an easy task to draw the string through the softer part within, and so separate the shell into two unequal parts, each forming a useful vasselike basin.

"What a pretty little saucepan!" exclaimed Fritz. "Papa, how came you to think of such a clever way?"

"From the accounts I have read of voyages and travels in savage countries," I replied. "It proves the advantage of reading, for in this way I learned that the natives who do not possess knives always open the gourds with a piece of string."

I then showed him how to form the shell into bottles, spoons, and other articles, and as each appeared he

expressed his joy at the thought of the useful things he should be able to take to his mother.

"They appear very fragile," he said at last.

"That is easily fixed," I replied. "Fill them with sand, Fritz, and bury them on the shore; the heat of the sun will soon harden them."

Fritz appeared greatly satisfied after performing this task, for he had no desire to carry on our exploring expedition such a load as the spoons, cups, and basins we had buried in the sand. But we marked the spot, that we might find it again on our road home.

As we continued our walk, Fritz employed himself in trying to form a small spoon for little Frank from a piece of the gourd he had thrown away. I also tried to make another from the coconut shell; but I must own that what we made were not first-rate.

"We recognize the savages as our masters in this respect, Fritz. Our spoons are very inferior to theirs."

"Never mind, papa; I shall keep them until we can get better."

And I quite approved of his intention.

While thus employed, we did not neglect to examine carefully the country through which we passed; but its aspect was not inviting. At length, after walking for nearly four hours, we arrived at a kind of peninsula, which stretched far out into the sea, and terminated in

a small but steep hill, the summit of which appeared a most convenient spot for taking a survey of the sea and the surrounding country.

Upon this we climbed with some difficulty, but when we reached the top a glorious prospect repaid us for our trouble. Before us stretched the calm ocean sparkling in the sunlight. To our left appeared a small bay, of which the shore was lost in the distant boundary of sea and sky; while almost to the water's edge the rich verdure of the land, notwithstanding its want of cultivation, displayed treasures unknown on the continent of Europe.

The thought that we were alone saddened me, even while the appearance of nature in this fertile spot relieved us of all fear that we might suffer from hunger. Yet this at last consoled me, and I said, after some minutes of silence:—

“Fritz, God has prepared for us another destiny to the one we anticipated. He has chosen for us the life of colonists, and our confidence in our heavenly Father has not been misplaced. He orders all things for the best, and we will try to be as happy as possible on our lonely island.”

“It matters very little to me,” said Fritz; “I would rather be alone than have for our companions those who so cruelly left us to our fate. We boys will soon

grow strong enough to help you, papa, and God will preserve us."

"True, my son. I am glad to hear you say this; it gives me courage. However, we must not remain here any longer in this burning sun. Let us find a shady spot in which we may rest while we take some refreshment."

### III

As we descended the hill we perceived at some little distance a grove of palm trees; but to reach it we had to cross a large space of ground thickly overgrown with tall reeds, so interlaced with one another that our progress was most difficult.

We advanced slowly and cautiously, for at every step we feared that we should tread upon snakes. I therefore sent Turk on before that he might give us warning, and, as a further means of defense, I cut from the reeds, which were tall and thick, one of the strongest I could find, and carried it in my hand.

Very soon, to my astonishment, a glutinous liquid ran between my fingers. I touched it with my lips, and its sweet taste proved to me at once that we had discovered a wild overgrowth of sugar canes. I tasted it again, and my certainty was confirmed, especially as I found the juice very refreshing.

Presently I told Fritz, who was a little in advance of me, to cut a reed as a protection, but I said nothing of the sugar. I left to him the pleasure of finding it out for himself.

He obeyed at once, seized the cane, and commenced brandishing it over his head and striking the reeds right and left, to frighten away the serpents. In so doing he broke it, and set free an abundance of the juice, which streamed upon his hands.

Without a word he tasted it, and immediately sucked his fingers, laughing and jumping for joy as he cried :

“Papa! oh, papa! it is the sugar cane! Only taste it! I am sure it is sugar cane. Ah, how delighted my dear mother and the boys will be if I carry some home for them!”

While exclaiming in this way, he broke the cane in pieces, and sucked it so eagerly that I was obliged to check him, for fear he should make himself ill.

“We should take in moderation anything that pleases the palate,” I said, “or what we long for very much may become hurtful.”

“I can, however, cut down enough sugar-sticks to carry with us, to refresh ourselves on our way home, and that mamma and my brothers may share in the pleasure of our discovery.”

"I can have no objection, Fritz ; but will it not be too heavy a load to carry such a distance?"

My advice fell powerless. Fritz cut down a dozen of the finest and largest canes, and tied them in a bundle, which he took under his arm. We then continued our way till the cane forest came to an end, and we found ourselves in the grove of palm trees.

Seating ourselves beneath the pleasant shade, we were glad to rest while partaking of our frugal repast. Presently a troop of monkeys, alarmed at our appearance as well as the furious barking of Turk, sprang to the tops of the trees with such rapidity that we could not follow their movements with our eyes.

As soon as they found themselves safe they commenced jabbering at us with all their might, grinding their teeth and uttering the most horrible cries.

I had only just time to notice that these creatures had perched themselves on the coconut trees, and therefore that I could make them useful, when I saw Fritz throw down his bundle of canes, seize his gun, and point it at one of the monkeys.

My hasty cry arrested his hand.

"What are you about, Fritz? What advantage will you gain by destroying even one of those poor animals?"

“Why should they not be killed?” he said, angrily. “Just look how they are showing their teeth at us! I believe they are spiteful creatures.”

“And do their menaces excite the anger of wise Fritz?” I replied. “I am, indeed, astonished. If an animal does us no injury, its death is useless, except for food. We ought never to kill them for revenge; and I think I know a better way to make them useful than if you were to kill a dozen. I am going to try, but take care of your head. If my plan succeeds, they will give us a good return for saving their skins.”

I picked up some stones as I spoke, which I threw at the monkeys, but not high enough to reach them. Their rage at this increased to fury, and presently they plucked and poured down upon us a perfect hail of coconuts. The nuts fell around us in every direction, and we had to save ourselves as we best could in the shelter of the trees, or by jumping aside to avoid them.

Fritz laughed so heartily that he had scarcely strength left to escape; but when the coconut shower ceased he gathered up as many as he could carry with eager satisfaction.

Then we sought for a spot on which to sit and enjoy our harvest of nuts, the shells of which we broke with

a hatchet; and by making a hole at one end of the kernel with a knife, and another on the opposite side, we were able to suck the milk from it. It was not exactly to our taste, but after breaking the inner shell we found a white part inside, which, being easily scraped off with the new spoons, proved very agreeable eating. The juice from the sugar canes completed our delicious feast.

The remains of the lobster, now despised, were given to Turk, with a few biscuits, and as even then he did not appear satisfied, we threw him some pieces of the sugar cane and coconuts, which he pounced upon eagerly, and crunched them between his teeth till not a morsel remained.

After we had finished our repast I selected a few of the coconuts, the stalks of which still adhered; these I tied together, to enable me to carry them more easily. Fritz took up his bundle of sugar canes, and, thus laden, we started on our walk homeward to rejoin our family.

— DAVID WYSS.

#### NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Where is the island of New Guinea? How did this family get on the island near New Guinea? Why did Fritz and his father undertake the journey? What did Fritz think the coconut was? Tell Fritz's experience with the gourd. How did he



discover the sugar cane? How did the monkeys treat Fritz and his father?

David Wyss (1743–1818), who invented the story of “The Swiss Family Robinson” to amuse his children, was born in Berne, Switzerland. After his death this story was published by his son.

### THREE WORDS OF STRENGTH

THERE are three lessons I would write,  
Three words, as with a burning pen,  
In tracings of eternal light,  
Upon the hearts of men.

HAVE HOPE. Though clouds environ round,  
And gladness hides her face in scorn,  
Put off the shadow from thy brow;  
NÓ night but hath its morn.

HAVE FAITH. Where'er thy bark is driven—  
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth —  
Know this: God rules the hosts of heaven,  
The inhabitants of earth.

HAVE LOVE. Not love alone for one,  
But man, as man, thy brother call;  
And scatter, like a circling sun,  
Thy charities on all.

— JOHANN SCHILLER.

## THE MONTH OF MARY

panniers      transparent      refulgent

GREEN are the leaves, and sweet the flowers,  
And rich the hues of May ;  
We see them in the gardens round,  
And market panniers gay ;  
And e'en among our streets and lanes,  
And alleys, we descry,  
By fitful gleams the fair sunshine,  
The blue, transparent sky.

O Mother-maid, be thou our aid,  
Now in the opening year ;  
Lest sights of earth to sin give birth,  
And bring the tempter near.

Green is the grass, but wait awhile,  
'Twill grow, and then will wither ;  
The flowerets, brightly as they smile,  
Shall perish altogether :  
The merry sun, you sure would say,  
It ne'er could set in gloom ;  
But earth's best joys have all an end,  
And sin, a heavy doom.

But Mother-maid, thou dost not fade ;  
With stars above thy brow,  
And the pale moon beneath thy feet,  
Forever throned art thou.

The green, green grass, the glittering grove,  
The heavens' majestic dome,  
They image forth a tenderer bower,  
And more refulgent home ;  
They tell us of that Paradise  
Of everlasting rest,  
And that high Tree, all flowers and fruit,  
The sweetest, yet the best.

O Mary, pure and beautiful,  
Thou art the Queen of May ;  
Our garlands wear upon thy hair,  
And they will ne'er decay.

— CARDINAL NEWMAN.

## THE ASSUMPTION

NOR Bethlehem, nor Nazareth  
Apart from Mary's care :  
Nor heaven itself a home for Him  
Were not His mother there.

— REV. JOHN B. TABB.

centurion      Capharnaum      synagogue      authority  
                         marveled      unavailing

Suddenly it was told in the house that Jesus of Nazareth was entering the city. The centurion had heard of His deeds of mercy, and hope sprang up in his heart. Thinking himself unworthy as a Gentile to approach the great Prophet, he sent to Him the ancients of the Jews.

“He is worthy that Thou shouldst do this for him, for he loveth our nation and he hath built us a synagogue.”

“Lord, trouble not Thyself, for I am not worthy  
that Thou shouldst enter under my roof but say the

word and my servant shall be healed. For I also am a man subject to authority having under me soldiers; and I say to this one: 'Go!' and he goeth, and to another: 'Come,' and he cometh, and to my servant: 'Do this,' and he doeth it."

And Jesus hearing, marveled, and, turning to them that followed Him, said:

"Amen, I say to you, I have not found so great faith in Israel."

The faith and frankness of this Roman soldier delighted Him.

"Go," He said, "and as thou hast believed, so be it done to thee."

And the servant was healed at the same hour.

In order to recall this striking event, the Church wishes us to repeat the words of the centurion ("Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof. Say but the word and my soul shall be healed"), just before we receive Holy Communion.

— *From* "Jesus of Nazareth," by MOTHER MARY LOYOLA.

## THE BLUE BIRD

'Tis thine the earliest song to sing  
Of welcome to the wakening spring,  
Who round thee, as a blossom, weaves  
The fragrance of her sheltering leaves.

— REV. JOHN B. TABB.

## THE STORMY PETREL <sup>1</sup>

disdains      petrel      mariner

A THOUSAND miles from land are we,  
Tossing about on the stormy sea —  
From billow to bounding billow cast,  
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast.  
The sails are scattered abroad like weeds ;  
The strong masts shake like quivering reeds ;  
The mighty cables and iron chains,  
The hull, which all earthly strength disdains, —  
They strain and they crack ; and hearts like stone  
Their natural, hard, proud strength disown.

Up and down ! — up and down !  
From the base of the waves to the billow's crown,  
And amidst the flashing and feathery foam,  
The stormy petrel finds a home.  
A home, if such a place may be  
For her who lives on the wide, wide sea,  
On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,  
And only seeketh her rocky lair  
To warm her young and to teach them to spring  
At once o'er the waves on their stormy wing !

<sup>1</sup> Literally little Peter, so called because it seems to walk on the sea like St. Peter.

O'er the deep! — o'er the deep!  
Where the whale, and the shark, and the swordfish  
sleep —  
Outflying the blast and the driving rain,  
The petrel telleth her tale — in vain;  
For the mariner curseth the warning bird  
Which bringeth him news of the storm unheard!  
Ah! thus does the prophet of good or ill  
Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still;  
Yet he ne'er falters — so, petrel, spring  
Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy wing!

— BARRY CORNWALL.

#### NOTES AND QUESTIONS

The stormy petrel is a bird which seems to run in a remarkable manner on the surface of the sea where it picks up its food. This species of petrels is known to our sailors as "Mother Carey's Chickens," and their appearance is supposed to foretell a storm.

Barry Cornwall (1790–1868) is the pen name of Bryan W. Procter, an English poet.

#### WHAT WE CAN DO

WE have not wings, we cannot soar;  
But we have feet to scale and climb  
By slow degrees, by more and more,  
The cloudy summits of our time.

— HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

## THE MISSING PAGES

### I

drizzling	scanty	magazine	stowaway
chapter	commodore	sauntered	glistened

“HAVE a paper, sir? Something to read on the train, ma'am? All the latest papers.”

But the people hurried past John's little stand into the station, as they had done all the morning. Only two papers sold, and here was noon! Profit, two cents. On sunny days his sales were pretty brisk; but it was drizzling. The thick air was full of falling soot, and nobody cared to stop to buy.

“No wonder they want to hurry out of this horrid place!” muttered John, looking about at the wet, dingy houses, the pools of black mud through which the horses tramped and the clouds of smoke rolling through the streets. He thought of the sunny farm on which he was born, and felt that he could never grow used to the place. Two cents profit! Not enough to buy a single loaf of bread.

John thought of his mother, and of the scanty breakfast they had eaten together in their room, with its window opening on the sooty roofs. If he could but have had a good trade, he might have carried a



nice treat home to her. But the crowd hurried past, and nobody stopped.

"Papers, ma'am? Something to read on —"

The lady stopped.

"Ah, your books are dirty!" she said, dropping the sooty magazine with a shrug.

As if he could help that! But he began blowing away the soot for the twentieth time that day. It was four years since his father died, and he and his mother had come down to town; and in that time he had done nothing but fight weekly against soot and starvation.

He opened one of the story papers for boys. There was a sea story in it; a boy goes off, in the first chapter, as a stowaway; in the third, "the gallant lad had leaped upon the deck, and the commodore clasped him in his arms!" On the next page was an account of a boy going home from work who arrived in time to scale the walls of a burning house and rescue a sick child, for which daring act he was the next day taken in partnership by the child's father, a very rich man.

"Some fellows have such splendid chances!" said John, laying down the book with a sigh. "Now, I have been here for years, and nothing grand or noble ever turned up for me to do. Buy twenty-five papers daily: sell them — if I can. On Saturday, buy the

weeklies; once a month, the magazines. How is a fellow to make a living at that sort of work?"

An old gentleman, who had missed the train, sauntered up and began idly looking over the boy's stock.

John watched him anxiously. If he should buy one of the six bound books! Profit on each was a quarter



of a dollar! If he should buy one of those, he could take home a little treat to his mother, after all.

The boy's eyes fairly glistened. For, besides being fond of his mother, he was hungry; and the smell of fried oysters and coffee from the stall near by was almost more than he could bear.

The old gentleman took up one of the books. John

thought he was certainly going to buy one. What should the treat be? A bit of fresh meat? A mince pie? He decided that steak would be the best.

“Ah! here is a book which I have wanted for a long time,” said the gentleman. “What is the price of this, my boy? I will take this. No, you need not wrap it up, I will read it on the train.”

He laid down a bright, new dollar.

## II

satchel	knickknack	seamstress	agitation
	paddock	Pittsburgh	

John could almost smell the delicious steak, and he thought of his mother's thin, starved face. They had not tasted meat for days. But a glance at the book, as the gentleman dropped it into his satchel, caused him to say faintly:—

“Stop, sir; I did not see the one you had taken. That is an imperfect copy; there are four leaves missing in the middle.”

“Too bad!” throwing it down. “The money, please.”

“Will none of the others suit?” said John.

“No, I have wanted this book for some time.”

“You can have it for half price,” said John eagerly.

“I do not want an imperfect copy at all.”

John handed him back the money; and, closing his satchel, the man walked on a few steps, and sat down in an open doorway to wait for his train. He was a ruddy, fat old man with a kind, shrewd, blue eye.

“That is an honest lad,” he said to the owner of the store in which he stood. “He might have cheated me just now, but he did not.”

“Who? John Green. As honest as steel. He has been under my eye for four years, and I know him to be as truthful a lad as ever was born.”

“Um, um!” said the old gentleman, but he put on his spectacles and eyed John from head to foot.

The next day he stopped at the shop, and walked up to the owner.

“Is he a smart boy?” he began, as if the conversation had stopped the moment before.

“I do not think he is very sharp in trade,” was the reply; “but he is a very handy boy. He has made a good many useful knickknacks for the neighbors — that bookshelf, for instance.”

“Why, that is the very thing I want in a boy! Well, here is my train. Good-day, sir.”

“He will be back again. Odd old fellow!” said the storekeeper, laughing.

The next day he was back, and he came at the same hour.

"I like that boy's looks, sir. I have been watching him. But of course he has relations — drunken father, rag-tag brothers who would follow him?"

"No, he has only a mother; and she is a decent, God-fearing woman, a good seamstress, John tells me, but can get no work. Times are dull here just now. Pity the country folks will pour into the cities. Mrs. Green has nothing but what the boy earns at the stand yonder."

The old gentleman made no reply. But the next day he went up to the boy's stand. John was looking pale and anxious. Some of his regular customers had refused to take their magazines, times being so hard. They would be a dead loss on his hands.

"Paper? Magazine, sir?" he asked.

"No, a word with you, my lad. My name is Bohnn. I am the owner of the Bordale Nurseries, about thirty miles from here. I want a young man to act as clerk and salesman on the grounds, at a salary of thirty dollars a month, and a woman who will be strict and orderly to oversee the girls who pack flower seeds, at twenty dollars a month. I offer the positions to you and your mother, and I give you until to-morrow to think it over."

"But you — you — do not know me, sir!" gasped John.

"I know you very well. I generally know what I am about. To-morrow be ready to give your answer. I will take you on four weeks' trial. If I am satisfied, the engagements will be renewed for a year."

### III

All the rest of the day, John felt like one in a dream. Everyone had heard of the Bordale Nurseries and of good old Isaac Bohnn, their owner. But what had he done that this earthly paradise should be open to him?

"You will come, eh?" said Mr. Bohnn, the next day. "Thought you would. When can you begin work?"

"At once, sir."

"Good! By the way, there is a vacant house on the grounds which your mother can have, rent free, if she remains with me. A mere box, but big enough. There is my car. Suppose you come out and look about you. You can come back at night."

John locked up the stand, sent a message to his mother, and went with Mr. Bohnn. He had not yet told his mother of this change in their affairs.

He was very silent when he came home that even-

ing, but oddly tender with his mother ; and she noticed that he remained a long time on his knees at prayer that night.

They had only a little bread and milk for breakfast the next morning, and John scarcely tasted it.

"You look as though you could not bear this much longer, mother," he said, coming up to her, and putting his hands on her shoulder. "You need good, wholesome meals, and the fresh air, and hills and trees, instead of *this* —" looking out on the piled stacks of chimneys belching forth the black smoke of an iron foundry.

"Do not talk of them, John, lad!"

"Well, I will not." And he put on his hat and went out.

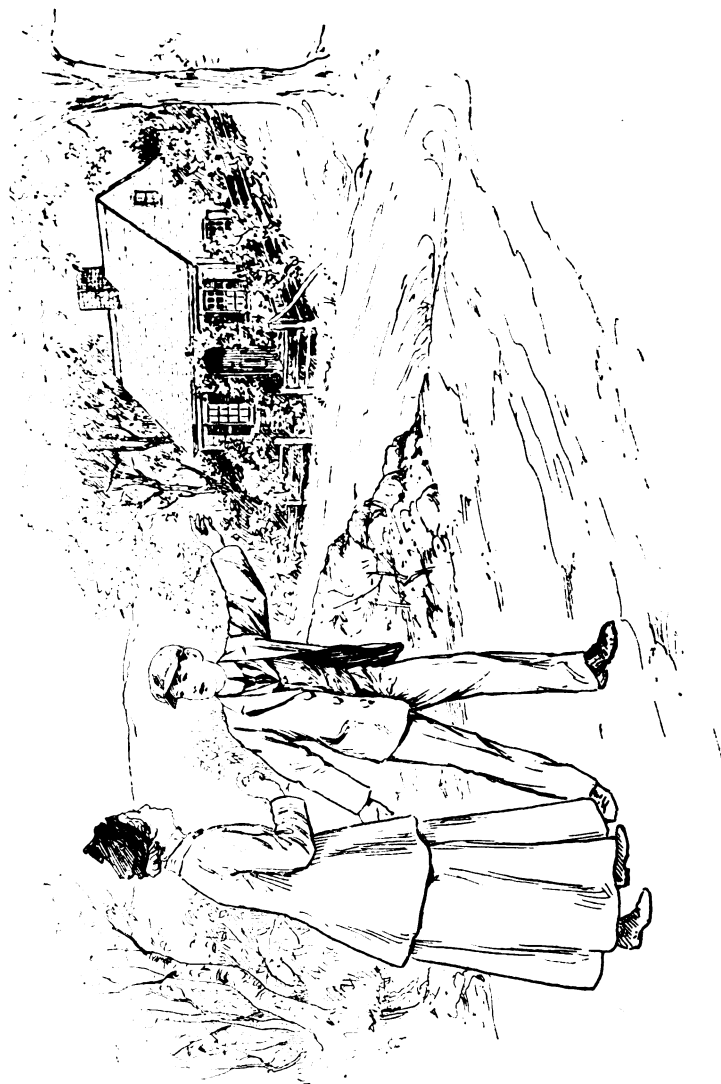
An hour later he came back.

"What is wrong? Why have you left the stand?" asked his mother in alarm.

"We are going to have an outing, mother. Do not say a word. I can afford it."

She had never seen the boy so full of excitement. He hurried her to the station; and soon they were gliding among the beautiful rolling hills and across lovely meadows that were sweet with the odor of new-mown hay.

At noon they came to stretches of rising ground,





covered with nurseries of young trees of delicate green, and with vineyards and field after field of roses, and all kinds of sweet-smelling flowers.

"Why, John, this is fairy land! What is this place?"

"The Bordale Nurseries. We will get out here, mother. I want to show you a house that —"

He trembled with agitation. His face was pale as he led her down to the side of the broad river, near which was nestled in the woods a cozy little cottage, covered with a beautiful creeper.

There was a garden, a well, a paddock for a cow. Inside, the rooms were clean and ready for furnishing. The river rippled drowsily against its pebbly shore. The birds darted through the blue, sunny air. The scent of roses came in upon the breeze.

"Mother," said John, "this I hope, will be our home, now." And with that he began to laugh and caper about like a boy, but the tears rolled down his thin cheeks.

John Green is now the foreman of the Bordale Nurseries, and a man of high standing in the country. Not long ago, he said to old Mr. Bohnn:—

"I owe this all to the friend who said a good word for me that day in Pittsburgh."

"No, John," said the old man; "you owe it to the

book with the missing pages. The chance came to you, as it comes to every boy, to be honest. Honesty and industry, John, are what did it; and I am inclined to think that they never fail to command success in the end."

— X. Y. Z.

#### NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Why did Mr. Bohnn hire John Green? How did he find out that he was both honest and industrious? Why did John have to work? Did the boy like the city better than the country? In what city did John have his little stand? In what state is it? See if you can find it on the map. What are raised in nurseries? Did you ever see one? What good qualities did John Green possess? What lesson have you learned from this story?

This selection may be easily dramatized.

#### DARE TO DO RIGHT

DARE to do right! Dare to be true!  
You have a work that no other can do;  
Do it so bravely, so truly, so well,  
Angels will hasten the story to tell.  
Dare to do right! Dare to be true!  
Other men's failures can never save you;  
Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith,  
Stand like a hero, and battle till death.

— GEORGE L. TAYLOR.

## THE LITTLE BROTHER

gnarled      mistletoe      thistle

Among the beautiful pictures  
That hang on Memory's wall,  
Is one of a dim old forest,  
That seemeth the best of all.  
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,  
Dark with the mistletoe ;  
Not for the violets golden  
That sprinkle the vale below ;  
Not for the milk-white lilies  
That lean from the fragrant hedge,  
Sporting all day with the sunbeams,  
And stealing their golden edge ;  
Not for the vines on the upland  
Where the bright red berries rest ;  
Nor for the pinks, nor the pale, sweet cowslips —  
It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother,  
With eyes that were dark and deep ;  
In the lap of that old, old forest  
He lieth, in peace, asleep.  
Light as the dawn of the thistle,  
Free as the winds that blow,

We roved there the beautiful summers,  
The summers of long ago.  
But his feet on the hills grew weary ;  
And on one of the autumn eves  
I made for my little brother  
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his small arms folded  
My neck, in a silent embrace,  
As the light of immortal beauty  
Silently covered his face.  
And when the arrows of sunset  
Lodged in the tree tops bright,  
He fell, in his saintlike beauty,  
Asleep by the gates of light.  
Therefore, of all the pictures  
That hang on Memory's wall,  
The one of the dim old forest  
Seemeth the best of all.

— ALICE CARY.

#### NOTES AND QUESTIONS

What is meant by Memory's wall? Name the flowers and the shrubs which the poet mentions in the first stanza. How many of them have you seen? Why did the poet like the dim old forest best? What did it recall to mind?

Alice Cary (1820–1871), a sister of Phoebe Cary, has written a number of charming poems which are not only interesting but also instructive.

## CHRIST HEALS THE SICK

palsy      blasphemeth

ON one occasion, Jesus, entering into a boat, passed over the water and came into His own city.

And behold they brought to Him one sick of the palsy lying in a bed.

Jesus, seeing their faith, said to the man sick of the palsy: "Be of good heart, son; thy sins are forgiven thee."

And behold some of the Scribes said within themselves: "He blasphemeth."

Jesus, seeing their thoughts, said: "Why do you think evil in your heart? Which is easier to say, 'Thy sins are forgiven thee'; or to say, 'Arise, and walk'?"

"But that you may know that the Son of God had power on earth to forgive sins (He said to the man sick of the palsy), 'Arise, take up thy bed, and go into thy house.'"

And the man arose, and went into his house.

And the multitude, seeing it, feared and glorified God that gave such power to men.

— ST. MATTHEW ix. 1-8.

## THE NAMES OF OUR LADY

chaplets      solace      despair

THROUGH the wide world thy children raise  
Their prayers, and still we see  
Calm are the nights and bright the days  
Of those who trust in thee.

Around thy starry crown are wreathed  
So many names divine :  
Which is the dearest to my heart,  
And the most worthy thine?

Star of the Sea ; we kneel and pray  
When tempests raise their voice ;  
Star of the Sea ! the haven reached,  
We call thee and rejoice.

Help of Christians : in our need  
Thy mighty aid we claim :  
If we are faint and weary, then  
We trust in that dear name.

Our Lady of the Rosary :  
What name can be so sweet  
As what we call thee when we place  
Our chaplets at thy feet?

Bright Queen of Heaven : when we are sad,  
Best solace of our pains ;  
It tells us, though on earth we toil,  
Our Mother lives and reigns.

Our Lady of Mt. Carmel : thus  
Sometimes thy name is known,  
It tells us of the badge <sup>1</sup> we wear,  
To live and die thine own.

Our Lady dear of Victories :  
We see our faith oppressed,  
And, praying for our erring land,<sup>2</sup>  
We love that name the best.

Refuge of Sinners : many a soul,  
By guilt cast down, and sin,  
Has learned through this dear name of thine  
Pardon and peace to win.

Health of the Sick : when anxious hearts  
Watch by the sufferer's bed,  
On this sweet name of thine they lean,  
Consoled and comforted.

<sup>1</sup> The Scapular of our Lady of Mt. Carmel, which is worn in honor of the Blessed Virgin.

<sup>2</sup> England.

Mother of Sorrows : many a heart  
Half broken by despair  
Has laid its burden by the cross,  
And found a mother there.

Queen of all Saints : the Church appeals  
For her loved dead to thee ;  
She knows they wait in patient pain  
A bright eternity.

Fair Queen of Virgins : thy pure band,  
The lilies round thy throne,  
Love the dear title which they bear  
Most that it is thine own.

True Queen of Martyrs : if we shrink  
From want, or pain, or woe,  
We think of the sharp sword that pressed  
Thy heart and call thee so.

Mary : the dearest name of all,  
The holiest and the best ;  
The first low word that Jesus lisped  
Laid on His mother's breast.

Mary, the name that Gabriel spoke,  
The name that conquers hell ;



Mary, the name that through high heaven  
The angels love so well.

Mary, — our comfort and our hope, —  
O may that word be given  
To be the last we sigh on earth, —  
The first we breathe in heaven.

— ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

### TRUE REST

REST is not quitting  
The busy career ;  
Rest is the fitting  
Of self to one's sphere :

'Tis the brook's motion,  
Clear without strife ;  
Fleeting to ocean,  
After its life :

'Tis loving and serving  
The Highest and Best ;  
'Tis onward unswerving.  
And this is true rest.

— GOETHE.

## TWO MESSAGES

A MESSAGE from the Sacred Heart !

What may Its message be ?

“My child, my child, give Me thy heart —

My Heart has bled for thee.”

This is the message Jesus sends

To my poor heart to-day,

And eager from His throne He bends

To hear what I shall say.

A message to the Sacred Heart !

Oh ! bear it back with speed :

“Come, Jesus, reign within my heart —

Thy Heart is all I need.”

Thus, Lord, I'll pray until I share

That Home whose joy Thou art,

No message, dearest Jesus, there,

For heart will speak to heart.

— REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S. J.

Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J., an Irish poet and writer, was for many years editor of *The Irish Monthly*.

I SLEPT, and dreamed that life is beauty :

I awoke, and saw that it is duty.

— ARCHBISHOP SPALDING.

## ON A SHEEP RANCH

alfalfa	chinook	mesas	machinery
Idaho	New Zealand	Texas	manufacture
Montana	California	Australia	Argentina

BILLINGS, MONTANA,  
July 27, 1903.

DEAR COUSIN FRED :

A few days ago, I returned from the sheep ranch where father and I had been staying for some time. Perhaps you would like to know something about the work of the sheep men. That is what the men who raise sheep in the West are called.

There are about twenty-five thousand acres in our ranch. Some ranches are very much larger than ours. We raise some alfalfa, but most of the land is used for pasturing the sheep. Besides this, the herders pasture on some of the government land. There are no fences around it, and sheep can be driven for long distances.

During the winter, the sheep are kept on the lowlands. Most of the time they get their own living from the dry bunch grass. The snow usually gathers in drifts and does not cover all of the grass. When it does, the sheep must be fed. Then the sheep and the cattlemen are anxious for the "chinook" to blow. This is a warm, dry wind, which quickly removes the snow.



In the spring, the sheep are divided into "bands." There are hundreds of sheep in one of these. Each herder has charge of a band, but his shepherd dog does most of the work.

I wish that you might see some of the things that these dogs do, Fred. They obey each word and sign of the herders. They will even pick out a particular sheep when they are told to do so, and drive it in any direction.

The herder's life is very lonely. For a long time he may not see any one but the man who brings him a supply of food, about once in two weeks. Much of the summer range, or pasture land, is on the mesas and mountains.

Of course you know that sheep are sheared every year. In some parts of the West they are sheared in the spring and again in the fall. The wool is not made into cloth here, but is shipped to the East. On this account, the sheep are sheared as near to the railroad as possible.

Have you ever seen horses clipped by machinery, Fred? That is the way the sheep are sheared on our ranch. A fleece is taken off in a very short time. One man can shear from one hundred and fifty to two hundred sheep in a day. The wool is put into sacks, and is hauled to the nearest railroad station.

Many of the ranchers hire the companies of shearers who travel from place to place. When the men are ready to begin shearing, the sheep are driven into the yards. These are divided into smaller pens, and two men work in each.

The men have nearly finished hauling our wool to Billings, where it is loaded on the cars. Great quantities of wool come in large wagons. Often two will be fastened together and drawn by eight teams.

When the shearing time comes, the sheep are very dirty. They do not look very much like the lambs do in the spring. The wool is oily, and so a great deal of dust and dirt sticks to it. Besides, it contains many burrs. All of these have to be removed.

I read the other day that in England the sheep are washed before the wool is cut. Father says that this is often done in the East. The sheep are taken to a clear stream or pond. The men carry them into the water, and wash the wool until it is clean enough to be cut.

In Montana, Idaho, New Mexico, Texas, California, and other Western states this is not done. There are so many sheep in a band that the washing would take a very long time. In some parts of the sheep country there are few streams large enough for this purpose. Besides this, the wool can be washed more thoroughly after it has been clipped than before.

If you were to lift a fleece before it had been washed and then lift it afterward, you would notice a great difference in the weight. This is because of the dirt that has been taken out. A fleece weighs about one half as much after washing as before. You see it saves a great deal in freight to wash the wool before it is shipped. On account of this, much of it is washed in Billings, Great Falls, and other shipping centers.

I have never seen wool made into cloth. Father says that some of the wool handled in the manufacturing cities of New England comes from Montana. So you see the sheep raisers of the West help to supply the people of the East with woolen clothing.

Besides the United States, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Spain, and Argentina are great sheep-raising countries.

Father told me that Columbus brought sheep to America in 1493, and that the "Mission Fathers" took sheep to California when they settled there.

I would like to know something about the manufacture of woolen goods. Have you ever visited any of the mills in Lawrence? If you have, please tell me about them when you write.

Your loving cousin,  
CHARLES.

## WOOLEN CLOTH AND CLOTHING

Merrimac	Lowell	lye	cylinders
woof	concerned	parallel	teasels
	rotated	warp	

LAWRENCE, MASS.,  
Sept. 15, 1903.

DEAR COUSIN CHARLES :

Ever since I received your letter I have been wishing that we could visit you. We have never lived in the country, and I know very little about it.

I enjoyed your letter very much, because we studied about clothing last year. Our teacher took us to one of the woollen mills in the city.

It would seem very strange to me to live in a country where the houses are so far apart as they are in Montana. Here the country is thickly settled and towns and cities are close together.

Papa says that Montana is eight times as large as Massachusetts, but has only about one-tenth as many people.

If you will look at your map, Charles, you will see that Lawrence is built on both sides of the Merrimac River. This is not a very large river, but it is very useful. There are rapids here, and the water runs quite swiftly. Long ago people saw that the river would



furnish water power for manufacturing, and so mills were built.

There are both cotton and woolen mills here. Some of the companies employ as many people as live in the city of Billings.

Many other cities in New England manufacture woolen goods. Providence and Lowell are important.

When we visited the mills, we were first taken to the room where the wool is sorted. Next we saw the wool being cleaned. It was given a good pounding or beating which took out some of the dirt, and was then washed in lye. At the mill they called this scouring.

After taking out the burrs and sticks, the wool was put into a drum in which there were cylinders containing sharp teeth. These cylinders rotated very fast, and the tangled-up wool was torn into a fluffy mass.

In another room, we found wool spread out on a stone floor. By means of machinery it was being sprinkled with olive oil. The teacher said this was to make it feel softer.

We next visited the carding machines. These are cylinders having many fine short teeth. The wool comes from the carding machines in layers called laps. These are wound on rollers. Carding used to be done by hand.

Next we saw the wool spun, or twisted into yarn. Many threads were spun at once. You know that this work used to be done on a spinning wheel that spun but one thread at a time.

The yarn is now woven into cloth. This is done by the looms. A set of threads called the warp threads is arranged in parallel lines, and another set of threads is rapidly woven in and out in the opposite direction. These are called the woof threads.

The cloth is not finished when it comes from the loom. It must then be washed and pressed; in this way it is made more compact.

You know that there is a sort of fuzz on cloth. I saw how that is made. A great number of burrs or teasels of the teasel plant are fastened to rollers through which the cloth is run. The teasels are rough and pull out tiny threads. This work is called teasing.

Woolen cloth is made into men's suits, dresses, cloaks, overcoats, underclothes, stockings, gloves, hats, blankets, and other things.

I suppose that some of the clothing made in the New England towns is shipped to Montana and other Western states. How strange it seems to produce the wool there, send it here to be made into clothing, and then send some of the garments there to be worn!

It shows that the people in one part of the country need the help of those in another.

Good-by, Charles. Do not forget to write to me often. I send my love to all.

Your cousin,  
FRED.

These interesting and instructive letters are taken from "How We Are Clothed," by James Franklin Chamberlain.

## OLD TREES

Old trees, old trees, in your mystic gloom  
There's many a warrior laid,  
And many a nameless and lonely tomb  
Is sheltered beneath your shade.

Old trees, old trees, without pomp or prayer  
We buried the brave and the true,  
We fired a volley and left them there  
To rest, old trees, with you.

Old trees, old trees, we shall pass away  
Like the leaves you yearly shed,  
But ye, lone sentinels, still must stay,  
Old trees, to guard "our dead."

— REV. ABRAM J. RYAN

## THE BETTER LAND

myrtle      region      coral

"I HEAR thee speak of the better land ;  
Thou call'st its children a happy band ;



Mother ! oh, where is that radiant shore ?  
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more ?  
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,  
And the fireflies glance through the myrtle boughs ?"—  
"Not there, not there, my child !"

"Is it where the feathery palm trees rise,  
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies ?

Or midst the green islands of glittering seas,  
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,  
And strange bright birds on their starry wings  
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?" —

"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away, in some region old,  
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?  
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,  
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,  
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?  
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?" —

"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy;  
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;  
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair, —  
Sorrow and death may not enter there;  
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom;  
For beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb,  
It is there, it is there, my child!"

— FELICIA D. HEMANS.

#### NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Who are speaking in this pretty poem? What is meant by "The Better Land"? Name the different places where the child thinks the Better Land is. How does the mother answer his questions?

## JESUS HEALS TWO BLIND MEN

Bartimus

ON one occasion, as our Blessed Lord went to Jericho with His disciples, a great multitude followed Him.

On their way, they met two blind men, sitting by the roadside, begging.

One of these blind men, Bartimus, when he heard the multitude passing by, asked what it meant.

When the people told him that it was Jesus of Nazareth Who was passing by, both of the blind men began to cry out and to say: "O Lord, Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on us!"

Some of the multitude told the blind men to keep still.

But they cried out all the more: "Son of David, have mercy on us!"

Then our Blessed Lord stopped, and commanded the blind men to be called.

When the two men heard that our Saviour desired to see them, casting off their garments, they leaped up, and came to Him.

Jesus said to them: "What will ye, that I should do to you?"

They answered: "Lord, that our eyes may be opened."

Jesus, having compassion on them, touched their eyes, and said: "Go your way; your faith hath made you whole."

Immediately they received their sight, and followed Him.

— THE NEW TESTAMENT.

## THE HOUR OF PRAYER

CHILD, amidst the flowers at play,  
While the red light fades away;  
Mother, with thine earnest eye  
Ever following silently;  
Father, by the breeze of eve  
Called thy harvest work to leave;  
Pray! — ere yet the dark hours be,  
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

Warrior, that from battle won  
Breathest now at set of sun!  
Woman, o'er the lowly slain  
Weeping on his burial plain;  
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,  
Kindred by one holy tie,  
Heaven's first star alike ye see —  
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

— FELICIA D. HEMANS.

## TO THE CUCKOO <sup>1</sup>

visionary      invisible

O BLITHE newcomer! I have heard,  
I hear thee and rejoice :  
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,  
Or but a wandering voice?

While I am lying on the grass  
Thy twofold shout I hear ;  
From hill to hill it seems to pass,  
At once far off and near.

Though babbling only to the vale  
Of sunshine and of flowers,  
Thou bringest unto me a tale  
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!  
Even yet thou art to me  
No bird, but an invisible thing —  
A voice, a mystery ;

<sup>1</sup> The cuckoo is a familiar European bird. It is noted for its characteristic two-syllabled whistle, in imitation of which it is named, and for its habit of laying its eggs in the nests of other birds, for them to hatch, instead of building a nest of its own. In America, the cuckoos are represented by three subfamilies,—the anis, the roadrunners, and the tree-cuckoo. Unlike the European cuckoo, these build their own nests.



The same whom in my schoolboy days  
I listen'd to ; that cry  
Which made me look a thousand ways  
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove  
Through woods and on the green ;  
And thou wert still a hope, a love ;  
Still long'd for, never seen !

And I can listen to thee yet ;  
Can lie upon the plain  
And listen, till I do beget  
That golden time again.

O blessed bird ! the earth we pace  
Again appears to be  
An unsubstantial fairy place  
That is fit home for thee.

— WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## PREJUDICE

A LEAF may hide the largest star  
From Love's uplifted eye ;  
A mote of prejudice out-bar  
A world of charity.

— REV. JOHN B. TABB.

## THE TRUTH-SPEAKER

Griswold      Hetty Marvin      officer

IN the year 1777, war was going on in this country, for King George III of England wanted to make unjust laws in America, but the people would not obey them.

A Governor, whose name was Griswold, found himself in danger of being seized by the King's soldiers, and took shelter in a farmhouse, which was the home of a relation.

While hidden there, he heard that a band of soldiers was on the road, with orders to search the farm and seize him.

Griswold thought he would try to reach a small stream with deep banks on each side, where he had left a boat which the passers-by could not see. In great haste he went out of the house to go through an orchard, where he found a young girl, about twelve years old, with her dog.

They were watching some long pieces of linen cloth which lay around, stretched out in the sun to bleach. Hetty was on a bank with her knitting, and near her a pail of water, from which she sprinkled the cloth every now and then, to keep it in a damp state. She started up when a man leaped over the fence, but she soon saw it was her cousin.



"Hetty," he said, "I shall lose my life unless I can get to the boat before the soldiers come. You see where the roads part, close by the orchard; I want you to run down towards the shore, and meet the soldiers, who are sure to ask for me, and then you must tell them that I am gone up the road to catch the mail-cart, and they will turn off the other way."

"But, cousin, how can I say so? — it would not be true. Oh! why did you tell me which way you were going?"

"Would you betray me, Hetty, and see me put to death? Hark! they are coming! I hear the clink of the horses' feet. Tell them I have gone up the road, and heaven will bless you."

"I will not tell a lie, cousin. But they shall not make me tell which way you go, even if they kill me, — so run as fast as you can."

"It is too late to run. Where can I hide myself?"

"Be quick, cousin! Come and lie under this cloth; I will throw it over you, and go on sprinkling the linen."

He was soon hidden under the heavy folds of the long cloth. In a few minutes a party of horse-soldiers dashed along the road.

An officer saw the girl, and called out to her in a loud voice, "Have you seen a man run by this way?"

"Yes, sir," replied Hetty.

"Which way did he go?"

"I promised not to tell, sir."

"But you must tell me this instant, or it will be worse for you."

"I will not tell, for I must keep my word."

"Let me speak, for I think I know the child," said a man who was guide to the party. "Is your name Hetty Marvin?"

"Yes, sir."

"Perhaps the man who ran past you was your cousin?"

"Yes, sir, he was."

"Well, we wish to speak with him. What did he say to you when he came by?"

"He told me that he had to run to save his life."

"Just so, — that was quite true. I hope he will not have far to run. Where was he going to hide himself?"

"My cousin said that he would go to the river to find a boat, and he wanted me to tell the men in search of him that he had gone the other way to meet the mail-cart."

"You are a good girl, Hetty, and we know you speak the truth. What did your cousin say when he heard that you could not tell a lie to save his life?"

“He said, ‘Would I betray him, and see him put to death?’”

“And you said you would not tell, if you were killed for it.”

Poor Hetty’s tears fell fast as she said, “Yes, sir.”

“Those were brave words, and I suppose he thanked you, and ran down the road as fast as he could?”

“I promised not to tell which way he went, sir.”

“O yes, I forgot.”

Hetty was now in great fear; she sobbed aloud, and hid her face in her apron. The soldiers thought they had learned all they wanted to know, and rode off to the river side.

While Griswold lay hidden at the farm, he had agreed upon a signal with his boatmen, that if in trouble he would put a white cloth by day, or a light at night, in the attic window of his hiding-place, and when either signal was seen, the men were to be on the watch, ready to help him in case of need.

No sooner did the soldiers ride away, than Griswold’s friends in the house hung out a white cloth from the window, to warn the boatmen, who pulled out to sea when they saw the red coats of the soldiers as they dashed along the river side.

The boat, with two men in it, was nearly out of sight by the time the soldiers got to the shore, and this

caused them to think that Griswold had made his escape.

Meantime he lay safe and quiet until the time came for Hetty to go home to supper. Then he bade her go and ask her mother to put the signal-lamp in the window as soon as it grew dark, and send him clothes and food. The signal was seen, the boat came back, and Griswold made his way to it in safety.

In later days, when the War for Independence was over, Mr. Griswold was never tired of praising the brave young cousin who had saved his life.

— S. F. CROMPTON.

What virtues did Hetty Marvin possess? How did she show her bravery? How would you have acted if you had been in her place? What does the War for Independence mean?

The patriotic and religious characteristics of this little girl should be emphasized.

## CHILD OF NAZARETH

At evening He loved to walk  
Among the shadowy hills, and talk of Bethlehem ;  
But if perchance there passed us by  
The paschal lambs, He'd look at them  
In silence, long and tenderly ;  
And when again He'd try to speak,  
I've seen the tears upon His cheek.

— REV. JOHN B. TABB.

## A BOY'S SONG

WHERE the pools are bright and deep,  
Where the gray trout lies asleep,  
Up the river and over the lea,  
That's the way for Billy and me.



Where the blackbird sings the latest,  
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,  
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,  
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,  
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,  
There to trace the homeward bee,  
That's the way for Billy and me.



Where the hazel bank is steepest,  
Where the shadow falls the deepest,  
Where the clustering nuts fall free,  
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away  
Little sweet maidens from the play,  
Or love to barter and fight so well,  
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play  
Through the meadow, among the hay ;  
Up the water and over the lea,  
That's the way for Billy and me.

— JAMES HOGG.

James Hogg (1770–1835), a Scotch poet, was born in Selkirkshire, Scotland.

### MY LITTLE MAN

My little man is merry and wise,  
Gay as a cricket and blithe as a bird ;  
Often he laughs and seldom he cries,  
Chatters and coos at my slightest word :  
Peeping and creeping and opening the door,  
Clattering, pattering over the floor,  
In and out, round about, fast as he can,  
So goes the daytime with my little man.

— MARY E. BLAKE.

## THE YOUNG ARTIST

Pennsylvania	impertinence	lullabies
ancestors	indigo	ingenious
dexterously	variegated	

IN the year 1738, there came into the world in the town of Springfield, Pennsylvania, an infant from whom his parents and neighbors looked for wonderful things. Friend West and his wife were thought to be very fortunate in having such a son.

Little Ben lived to the ripe age of six years without doing anything worthy to be told in history. But one summer afternoon, in his seventh year, his mother put a fan into his hand, and bade him keep the flies away from the little babe who lay fast asleep in the cradle. She then left the room.

The boy waved the fan to and fro, and drove away the buzzing flies whenever they had the impertinence to come near the baby's face. When they had all flown out of the window, or into distant parts of the room, he bent over the cradle, and delighted himself with gazing at the sleeping infant.

It was, indeed, a very pretty sight. The little personage in the cradle slumbered peacefully, with its waxen hands under its chin, looking as full of blissful quiet as if the angels were singing lullabies in its ear.

Indeed, it must have been dreaming about heaven; for while Ben stooped over the cradle, the little baby smiled.

“How beautiful she looks!” said Ben to himself. “What a pity it is that such a pretty smile should not last forever!”



Now, Ben, at this period of his life, had never heard of that wonderful art, by which a look, that appears and vanishes in a moment, may be made to last for hundreds of years. But, since nobody had told him of such an art, he may be said to have invented it for himself.

On a table near at hand there were pens and papers, and ink of two colors, black and red. The boy seized

a pen and a piece of paper, and, kneeling down beside the cradle, began to draw a likeness of the infant. While he was busied in this manner, he heard his mother's step approaching, and hastily tried to conceal the paper.

"Benjamin, my son, what hast thou been doing?" inquired his mother, observing marks of confusion in his face.

At first Ben was unwilling to tell; for he felt as if there might be something wrong in stealing the baby's face, and putting it upon a sheet of paper. However, as his mother insisted, he finally put the sketch into her hand, and then hung his head, expecting to be well scolded. But when the good lady saw what was on the paper, in lines of red and black ink, she uttered a scream of surprise and joy.

"Bless me!" cried she. "It is a picture of little Sally!" And then she threw her arms around our friend Benjamin, and kissed him so tenderly that he never afterward was afraid to show his drawings to his mother.

As Ben grew older he was observed to take vast delight in looking at the hues and forms of nature. For instance, he was greatly pleased with the blue violets of spring, the wild roses of summer, and the scarlet flowers of early autumn.

In the decline of the year, when the woods were variegated with all the colors of the rainbow, Ben seemed to desire nothing better than to gaze at them from morn till night. The purple and golden clouds



of sunset were a joy to him. And he was continually endeavoring to draw the figures of trees, men, mountains, houses, cattle, geese, ducks, and turkeys, with a piece of chalk, on barn doors or on the floor.

In those old times the Mohawk Indians were still numerous in Pennsylvania. Every year a party of

them used to pay a visit to Springfield because the wigwams of their ancestors formerly stood there. These wild men grew fond of little Ben, and made him very happy by giving him some of the red and yellow paint with which they were accustomed to adorn their faces. His mother, too, presented him with a piece of indigo.

Thus he had now three colors, — red, blue, and yellow, — and could manufacture green by mixing yellow with blue. Our friend Ben was overjoyed, and doubtless showed his gratitude to the Indians by taking their likeness in the strange dresses which they wore, with feathers, tomahawks, and bows and arrows.

But all this time the young artist had no paint brushes; nor were there any to be bought, unless he sent to Philadelphia on purpose. However, he was a very ingenious boy, and resolved to manufacture paint brushes for himself. With this design he laid hold upon — what do you think? Why, upon a respectable old black cat, who was sleeping quietly by the fireside.

“Puss,” said little Ben to the cat, “pray give me some of the fur from the tip of thy tail.”

Though he addressed the black cat so civilly, yet Ben was determined to have the fur, whether she were

willing or not. Puss, who had no great zeal for the fine arts, would have resisted if she could; but the boy was armed with his mother's scissors, and very dexterously clipped off fur enough to make a paint brush.

This was of so much use to him that he applied to Madam Puss again and again, until her warm coat of fur had become so thin and ragged that she could hardly keep comfortable through the winter.

Poor thing! she was forced to creep close into the chimney corner, and eyed Ben with a rueful face. But Ben considered it more necessary that he should have paint brushes than that puss should be warm.

Pennington	other	engravings
landscapes	ascertain	establish

About this period Friend West received a visit from Mr. Pennington, a merchant of Philadelphia, who was likewise a member of the Society of Friends. The visitor, on entering the parlor, was surprised to see it ornamented with drawings of Indian chiefs, of birds with beautiful plumage, and of wild flowers of the forest. Nothing of the kind was ever seen before in the home of a Quaker farmer.

"Why, Friend West," exclaimed the Philadelphia merchant, "what has possessed thee to cover thy

walls with all these pictures? Where on earth didst thou get them?"

Then Friend West explained that all these pictures were painted by little Ben, with no better materials than red, and yellow ocher and a piece of indigo, and brushes made of the black cat's fur.

"Verily," said Mr. Pennington, "the boy hath wonderful skill. Some of our friends might look upon these matters as vanity; but little Benjamin appears to have been born a painter, and Providence is wiser than we are."

The good merchant patted Benjamin on the head, and evidently considered him a wonderful boy. Yet his parents could not understand how he was ever to become a very great and useful man merely by making pictures.

One evening, shortly after Mr. Pennington's return to Philadelphia, a package arrived at Springfield directed to our little Ben.

"What can it possibly be?" thought Ben, when it was put into his hands. "Who can have sent me such a great square package as this?"

On taking off the thick, brown paper in which it was wrapped, behold! there was a paint box, with a great many cakes of paint, and brushes of various sizes. It was the gift of good Mr. Pennington. There



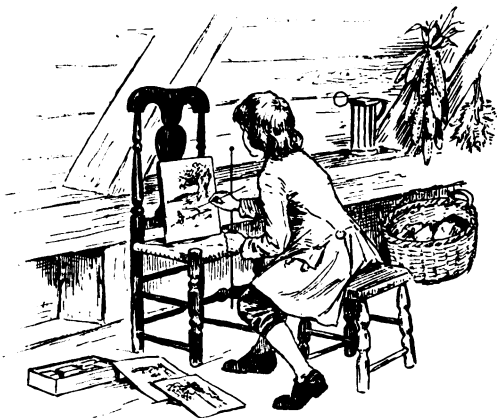
were likewise several squares of canvas, such as artists use for painting pictures upon, and, in addition to all these treasures, some beautiful engravings of landscapes. These were the first pictures that Ben had ever seen, except those of his own drawing.

What a joyful evening was this for the little artist! At bedtime he put the paint box under his pillow, and got hardly a wink of sleep; for all night long his fancy was painting pictures in the darkness.

In the morning he hurried to the garret, and was seen no more till the dinner hour; nor did he give himself time to eat more than a mouthful or two before he hurried back to the garret again.

The next day he was just as busy as ever; until at last his mother thought it time to ascertain what he was about. She accordingly followed him to the garret.

On opening the door, the first object that presented itself to her eyes was our friend Benjamin, giving the



last touches to a beautiful picture. He had copied portions of two of the engravings, and made one picture out of both, with such admirable skill that it was far more beautiful than the originals.

“My dear child, thou hast done wonders!” cried his mother.

The good lady was delighted. And well she might be proud of her boy; for there were touches in this picture which old artists, who had spent a lifetime in the business, need not have been ashamed of.

Many a year afterward, this wonderful production was exhibited in the Royal Academy in London.

Well, time went on, and Benjamin continued to draw and paint pictures until he had now reached the age when it was proper that he should choose a business for life. His father and mother were in considerable perplexity about him. Now what advantage could the world expect from Benjamin's pictures? This was a difficult question, and in order to set their minds at rest, his parents determined to consult the wise men of their society.

Finally, they came to a very wise decision. It seemed evident that Providence had intended Benjamin to be a painter, and had given him abilities which would be thrown away in any other business. All consented that he should go forth and learn to be a

painter by studying the best pictures of ancient and modern times.

So our friend Benjamin left the dwelling of his parents, and his native woods and streams, and the good Quakers of Springfield, and the Indians who had given him his first colors. He went first to Philadelphia and afterward to Europe.

When he was twenty-five years old, he went to London and established himself there as an artist. In the course of time he acquired great fame by his pictures, and was made chief painter to King George III.

He lived many years in peace and honor, and died in 1820 at the age of eighty-two. The story of his life is almost as wonderful as a fairy tale.

— NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

#### NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Where was little Ben born? About how many years ago? Why was his father called Friend West? Tell how little Ben's talent was discovered. Who helped him to become a great painter? Why was he friendly with the Indians? Did he spend all his life in Pennsylvania?

The Society of Friends, or Quakers, is a religious organization founded in the middle of the seventeenth century by George Fox of England. In the course of time, they came to America and settled principally in Pennsylvania. They were distinguished by their peculiarities of speech such as the use of thee and thou instead of you, by the use of Friend instead of any title of courtesy, and by their quaint dress.

## JESUS PREDICTS HIS PASSION

ONE day, as our Blessed Saviour was going to Jerusalem, He took the twelve apostles apart, and began to tell them about the things that should befall Him.

He said to them : “Behold, we go up to Jerusalem, and all things shall be accomplished which were written by the prophets concerning the Son of Man.

“He shall be betrayed to the chief priests, and to the Scribes<sup>1</sup> and Ancients.<sup>2</sup>

“They shall condemn Him to death, and shall deliver Him to the Gentiles.<sup>3</sup>

“They shall mock Him, spit on Him, scourge Him, and crucify Him.

“And the third day He shall rise again.”

— THE NEW TESTAMENT.

He gazed into the future  
With ever wondrous eye,  
And saw the Cross of Calvary  
On which He was to die.

— SUSAN L. EMERY.

<sup>1</sup> The Scribes were the doctors or teachers of the Law of Moses.

<sup>2</sup> The Ancients were the elders who held a position of dignity.

<sup>3</sup> The Gentiles were any people who did not believe in the Jewish religion, or who did not belong to the Jewish nation.

## WORD LIST

- ăb sôrbed', occupied, swallowed up.  
 ă bŭn'dănt lý, plentifully.  
 ăc eôm'pă nĭed, went with.  
 ăc eŭs'tômed, used to, familiar with.  
 ăc quăint'ĕd, known.  
 ăd mĭn'is tĕred, dispensed, gave.  
 ăf'fâiŕs', business, concern.  
 ăg'ătes, marbles of many colors.  
 ă'gĕnt, one who acts for another.  
 ăg'ĭ tă'tion (shŭn), excitement.  
 ăl făl'fă, a species of valuable forage plant.  
 ălt'dôrf, a canton in Switzerland.  
 ăn'çes tor (tĕr), a forefather.  
 ăn tiç'ĭ păt'ĕd, foreseen, done beforehand.  
 anx i e ty (ăng zĭ'ĕ tĭ), worry, uneasiness.  
 ă pŏl'ô gĭzed, expressed regret for an action.  
 ăp plăuŕe', praise.  
 ăp'plĭ eă'tion (shŭn), a request for work.  
 ăp point', to select, to assign.  
 ăp prĕn'tiçe, one who serves his time learning a trade.  
 ăr'mor (mĕr), a coat of mail.  
 ăs'cĕr tăin', to find out.  
 ăt lăn'tiĕ, an ocean.  
 ăt tĕmpt', endeavor, trial.  
 ău'dŭ bŏn, a family name.  
 ău thŏr'ĭ tŷ, rightful power.  
 bĕl'lŏws, an instrument for blowing fires, etc.  
 bĕn'ĕ fits, acts of kindness, favors.

brěth'rěn, a plural of brother.

eōm mō'tion (shŭn), agitation.

eôm'pâs̄s̄ ęs̄, instruments for making curves.  
 eôn elu'sion (zhŭn), a judgment.  
 eôn dēm'n'ing, sentencing.  
 eôn'sô lā'tion (shŭn), comfort.  
 eôn tîn'û oŭs, without break.  
 eôn veyed (vād'), carried, transferred.  
 eôn vīnçed' (t), certain.  
 eôr'āl, the skeleton of a very small sea-animal.  
 eôr'ô nět, a crown.  
 eôrpse, a dead body.  
 eoŭ rā'geōŭs, brave, daring.  
 eov'ě nānt, an agreement.  
 eow'ards (ērdz), persons who lack courage.  
 erēs's'ęs̄, plants.  
 erīm'şon, a deep red color.  
 erīt'ĩ eāl, important, exercising careful judgment.  
 erīt'ĩ çize, to judge, to find fault.  
 erō'eŭs, a flower.  
 erŭnch'ing, pressing with violence or noise.  
 eŭrs'ed, wicked, damned.  
 eŭt'lěr, one who makes or sells cutlery.

Dā lī'lā, the wife of Samson.  
 dēe'āde, a group of ten.  
 dē elīned', refused.  
 dē lū'sion (zhŭn), a misleading of the mind.  
 dē serīp'tion (shŭn), a word picture.  
 dē şīgn', an outline.  
 dē spāir', hopelessness, despondency.  
 dē tēr'mīned, decided, resolved.

dě vôt'ěd, attached.  
 dě vout', pious.  
 děx'těr oūs lý, skilfully.  
 dī'ā dėm, crown.  
 dīl'ý ġěnt lý, attentively, industriously.  
 dī'ô ġese, the district in which a bishop has authority.  
 dīs'āp point', to fail to do something.  
 dīs'eórd, want of agreement, strife.  
 dīs eoūr'āġe, to dishearten.  
 dīs eòv'ěr, to find out.  
 dīs cus'sion (kūsh'ŭn), argument.  
 dīs dāins', scorns.  
 dīs ġuīsed', appearance changed so as to mislead.  
 dīs ġüst'ěd, sickened.  
 dī vērse', different.  
 drām'ā tized, related in the form of a drama.  
 drēar'ý, dismal, gloomy.  
 drěnch, to wet through and through.  
 dríz'zlīg, raining slightly in very small drops.  
 Dŭtch, the people of Holland.

ēa'şěl, a frame to hold a picture.  
 ē'diet, a public notice, a proclamation.  
 ģd'ī fī eā'tion (shŭn), good example.  
 ģm bār'rās mēnt, confusion.  
 ģm'ěr āld, a gem of a clear, deep, green color.  
 ģn eoūr'āġe, to cheer.  
 ģn'ěr ġý, strength, force.  
 ģn ġrāv'ing, an illustration.  
 ģn'těr prīse, an attempt, a project.



Er'něst, a man's name.

ēs tāb'lished (t), set up in business.

Eū'rôpe, one of the continents.

ěv'ĩ děnce, testimony.

ex cel lent (ěk'sě lěnt), first class, valuable.

ěx'elā mā'tion (shŭn), a sharp or sudden utterance.

ex er cise (ěk'sěr sīz), to drive.

ex haust ed (ěg zôs'těd), worn out, tired out.

ěx'quĩ šitě, delicate, dainty, refined.

fā'bled, fanciful, not real.

fāth'óm lěss, immeasurable.

feign'ing (fān), pretending.

fě rō'cious (shŭs), fierce, savage, cruel.

flex i ble (flěk'sĩ ble), easily bent.

flōg'gīng, whipping.

Flōr'ĩ dā, a state of the United States.

flōŭr'ished (isht), thrived.

fō'ly āge, the leaves of a tree.

fōrge, a blacksmith shop.

fōr lōrn', deserted.

foun dā'tion (shŭn), beginning.

frāg'ile, easily broken.

Fritz, a man's name.

frōthed (t), covered with foam.

Gāel'ie, Irish, Celtic.

Gā'zā, a town in Syria.

gěn'ěr ā'tion (shŭn), an age, a lifetime.

gěn'ěr ōs'ĩ tŷ, the act of giving plentifully.

ġēn'ius (yūs), talent.  
 ġē ōġ'rā phy (fi), the story of the earth and its people.  
 Ger ma ny (Jūr'mā nī), a country of Europe.  
 ġēs'tūre, an expressive motion.  
 ġir dle (ġūr'dl), to encircle, to bind.  
 ġlis'tened, sparkled.  
 ġlu'tī noūs, resembling glue, gluey.  
 ġnärled, full of knots.  
 Ġō lī'āth, a Philistine giant.  
 Ġō'mez (mēth), a Spanish painter.  
 ġōr'ġeoūs, beautiful, grand.  
 ġōv'ērn mēnt, the ruling power.  
 ġrād'tū āl lỹ, by degrees.  
 ġrān'deūr, sublimity, power.  
 ġrōv'el, to seek for.  
 ġrūff'lỹ, harshly.

h̄aw'thōrn, a tree.  
 heärt'ĩ lỹ, sincerely, from the heart.  
 heīght, an elevation.  
 hēl'mēt, a protection for the head.  
 hēr'ālds, messengers.  
 hēr'ō īne, a brave woman.  
 hīs tōr'ĩ eāl, pertaining to history.  
 hō rī'zōn, the line where the earth and sky seem to meet.  
 hōr'ri ble, terrible, disgusting.  
 hōs'pī tāl'ĩ tỹ, a kind and generous reception.  
 hūd'dled, crowded together.  
 Hūr'rōn, an Indian tribe.  
 hūr'ri eāne, a violent whirlwind.

ĭ'çĭ eleş, masses of ice.  
 ĭ dōl'ă trŷ, worship of idols.  
 ĭm'ĭ tâte, to copy.  
 ĭm mē'dĭ âte lŷ, quickly, directly.  
 ĭm pēr'tĭ nēnçe, boldness, rudeness.  
 ĭm'pŭ dēnt, bold, saucy.  
 ĭm pŭte', to charge, to imply.  
 ĭn'çĭ dēnt, an event, an occurrence.  
 ĭn dĭg'nănt, justly angry.  
 ĭn'dĭ gō, a dark blue earthy substance.  
 ĭn'dŭs trŷ, business, diligence.  
 ĭn fĕst'ĕd, annoyed with.  
 ĭn ġĕn'ious (yŭs), clever, smart.  
 ĭn hăb'it ants (ĭ tănts), those who dwell in a place.  
 ĭn sĭst'ĕd, asserted strongly.  
 ĭn spĭred', moved by a supernatural influence.  
 ĭn stĭne'tĭve lŷ, naturally.  
 ĭn strŭe'tion (shŭn), imparting knowledge, teaching.  
 ĭn'tĕl lĕet, mind.  
 ĭn'tĕr çĕde', to beg, to plead.  
 ĭn'tĕr fĕre', to intermeddle.  
 ĭn ter'prĕt ĕr (tŭr), one who explains.  
 ĭn vĕn'tor (tĕr), one who invents.  
 ĭn vĭs'ĭ ble, that cannot be seen.  
 ĭr'ô quois' (kwoi), an Indian tribe.  
 jăb'bĕr ĭng, chattering.  
 Jĕr'ĭ ehō, a city of Palestine.  
 jœ'ŭnd, merry, cheerful.  
 Jōs'ŭ ē, the successor of Moses.  
 jŭs'tĭ fŷ, to prove to be just.

ker'něl (kûr), a seed.

lăb'ă rūm, a banner, a standard.

lănd'seape, a picture of natural scenery.

lărk'spûr, a plant.

Lăz'ă rûs, the brother of Mary and Martha.

lei sure ly (lē'zhûr lî), slowly.

Le'ô năr'dô (Lă), a man's name.

lî'çense, a permission.

lî'lăe, a shrub.

lîn'gêred, waited, loitered.

liq uid (lîk'wîd), fluid, not solid.

lôb'stêr, a fish.

Lou i'si ăn'ă (ē gē), a state of the United States.

lûl'lă biēs', cradle songs.

ma chin er y (mă shên'êr Y), machines in general.

măg'ă zine' (zên), a pamphlet.

măg'is trâte, a public civil officer.

măg nô'lî ă, a tree.

măj'ês tỹ, dignity, grandeur.

mă'jor (jêr), an officer.

Măn'dê ville, a family name.

măn'gled, cut or bruised.

măn'tles, cloaks.

măn'tû făe'tûre, the process of making anything.

Măr'eô Pô'lô, a Venetian traveler.

măr'î gôld, a plant.

măr'î nêr, a sailor.

măr'vêled, wondered, astonished.

mǎy'or (ě̄r), the chief magistrate of a city.  
 mēd'ī çine, skill in administering curatives.  
 mer ci ful (mûr'sī fōōl), compassionate.  
 me sas (mā'sāz), tablelands with sloping sides.  
 mē'tē ōr, a falling star, a luminous body.  
 mīd'shīp'mǎn, a naval cadet.  
 mī li tia (mī lish'ā), citizens enrolled as a military force.  
 mīn'ī mīz'ing, lessening.  
 mīn'strēls, musical entertainers.  
 mīs'chīef, harm, trouble.  
 mīs'tle tōe, a shrub.  
 mōd'ēr ā'tion (shŭn), avoiding extremes.  
 Mō'hawk, a tribe of Indians.  
 mois'tened, dampened.  
 mō lās'sēs, thick, dark brown sirup.  
 moun tain eers' (moun'tī nēr's'), inhabitants of mountains  
 mŭl'tī plī eā'tion (shŭn), a mental process.  
 mŭnch'ing, chewing, eating.  
 Mú rīl'ō, a Spanish painter.  
 mŭ'tī lāt'ēd, maimed, deformed.  
 myr tle (mûr'tl), a shrub.  
 mŷs'tēr ŷ, a wonder, a revealed truth which we cannot under-  
 stand.

nēc'ēs sǎ rŷ, needed.  
 Nôr'mǎn's Wōe, a dangerous spot on the coast of Massachusetts.  
 noŭr'ish mēnt, food.

ō'ehēr, an earthy ore of iron, usually red or yellow.  
 ōf'fī çēr, one who holds a position of authority.

ön'ward (wěrd), going forward, advancing.

öp pōsed', contrary, against.

öp pres sion (prěsh'ün), cruelty, tyranny.

ô rĭg'ĭ nāl, first.

ôr'nā mēnt, a decoration.

păd'dōek, a small field.

pā'gān ĭsm, the religion of the pagans.

pāl'ette, a board for mixing paints.

pāl'sŷ, a nervous disease.

păn'niers (yērş), large baskets.

păr'āl lēl, in all parts equally distant.

Pār'rĭ ān, marble obtained from Paros.

păr'tĭ ele, a small piece.

Pas cua Flo ri da (Päs'quă Flō rēe'dă), Flowery Easter.

păs'sĭve, not active.

păs'tūre, grass lands.

pěaş'ănt, a countryman, a rustic.

Pěl'kăş, an Indian tribe.

pē'nāl, pertaining to punishment.

pēn ĭn'sŭ lă, a portion of land nearly surrounded by water.

pēn'sion (shŭn), an allowance for past services.

pēn'sĭve, thoughtful.

pēr fēe'tion (shŭn), a divine attribute.

Per sia (Pŭr zhă or shă), a country of Asia.

pēr plēxed' (t), puzzled.

Pê ru', a country of South America.

pēt'rēl, a sea bird.

Phi līs'tĭneş (fĭ), natives of Philistia.

Pĭtts'bŭrgh, a city in Pennsylvania.

plũm'ăge, the feathers of a bird.  
 Põn'tiff, the Pope.  
 pǒv'ěr tỹ, the state of being poor.  
 prẽ şĩd'ed, occupied the place of authority.  
 prĩn'çĩ pǎl, chief, main.  
 prǒm' ĩ nẽnt, standing out, eminent.  
 prǒp'ă gāte, to spread.  
 prǒs'pěet, outlook, view.  
 prǒs pěr'ĩ tỹ, success, well-being.  
 prǒv'ěr̃b, an old saying, a maxim, a short story from which a  
     moral is drawn.  
 prǒv'ĩ dẽnce, the care and foresight of God.  
 pũb'lĩsh ĩng, proclaiming.  
 pũr'chāse, a thing bought.  
 pũr sũit', being followed.  
  
 quā'věr ĩng, shaking, trembling.  
 Quẽ bẽe', a city in Canada.  
  
 Rā'hăb, a Biblical name.  
 rāi'şĩn, a dried grape.  
 rǎp'ĩdş, the swift flowing currents of a river.  
 rǎp'tũre, bliss, delight.  
 rẽ ģl'ĩ tỹ, actual existence.  
 rẽe'om mẽn dā'tion (şhũn), a favorable letter.  
 rẽe'rẽ ģnt, false, unfaithful.  
 rẽ dũęed' (t), lessened, diminished.  
 rẽf'ũęe, shelter, retreat.  
 rẽ fũl'ģęnt, radiant, brilliant.  
 rẽ fũş'ģl, the act of refusing.

rê gārds', best wishes.  
 rê'g'ion, a place, space.  
 rēg'ū lār, according to rule.  
 rê lī'ā ble, trustworthy.  
 Rennes, a city in France.  
 rê pēnt'ānt, sorry for doing wrong.  
 rê plēte', filled.  
 rēp'rē sēn tā'tion (shŭn), likeness, picture.  
 rê pŭb'līe, a government by the people.  
 rê sēm'bled, looked like.  
 rēs'ēr vā'tion (shŭn), land set aside for special use.  
 rēs'ō lŭte lý, decidedly, positively.  
 rēs'ūr rēe'tion (shŭn), rising from the dead.  
 rê'ū nīt'ēd, to unite again.  
 rēv'ō lŭ'tion ā rŷ (shŭn), pertaining to the Revolution.  
 rō'tāt ēd, revolved, turned around.  
 roŭ tine' (tēn), a regular course of action.

sǎe'rī lē'g'ioŭs, wicked, impious.  
 sǎe'rīs tǎn, a person in charge of the sacristy.  
 St. Sē bās'tian (chǎn), a Christian martyr.  
 Sǎ mǎr'ī tǎn, a native of Samaria.  
 sǎne'tī fiēd, made holy.  
 Sǎr'ā nǎe, an Indian chief.  
 sǎtch'ēl, a hand bag.  
 sǎwn'tēred, strolled, roamed.  
 sǎ'vor (vēr), taste, smell.  
 seǎn'tŷ, not plentiful.  
 seāt'tēr ēth, spreadeth.  
 Seōt'lānd, a part of Great Britain.



seŭlp'tŭre, the art of carving statues.  
 sēam'strēs, a woman who sews, a needlewoman.  
 sê dūçed' (t), tempted, lead astray.  
 sēm'ī cir'ele (çûr), half a circle.  
 sēre, dry, withered.  
 Sēt'im, the place where the Israelites encamped before crossing  
 the Jordan.  
 sehōōn'ēr, a vessel.  
 sehōl'ars (ēř), students.  
 shāl'tōwş, places where the water is not deep.  
 shiv'ēr ing, trembling, shaking.  
 sîn'ew, a muscle.  
 sīt'ū ā'tion (shŭn), position.  
 sōl'āçe, comfort, consolation.  
 sōl'ī tūde, state of being alone.  
 sōv'ēr eīgn, supreme, chief.  
 spiç'ēr ỹ, spices.  
 splēn'dīd, brilliant, grand.  
 sprīght'lỹ, lively.  
 stā'tioned (shŭnd), encamped.  
 stēad'fāst, firm, constant.  
 stom ach (stŭm'ŭk), a part of the body.  
 stōw'ā wāy', one who conceals himself in a vessel.  
 strēaked, striped.  
 strōlled, roved, roamed.  
 stŭ pid'ī tỹ, extreme dulness.  
 sŭe çēs', a favorable ending.  
 sŭg gēst'ēd, called up in the mind.  
 sŭ'pēr sti'tious (stīsh'ŭs), addicted to superstition.  
 sŭrg'ēs, rolls, swells.

sûr vey' (vā), to inspect.  
sūs pënd'ēd, hung.  
sūs tāin', uphold.  
sŷn'ā gōgue, a Jewish house of prayer.

tăb'ēr nă ele, the part of the altar in which the Blessed Sacrament is kept.  
tăb'leau (lō), a striking representation.  
tēa'şel, flower head of the teasel covered with stiff, hooked bracts.  
ter'mî năt'ēd (tûr), ended, closed.  
thiēves, robbers.  
thîs'tle, a prickly plant.  
thrēsh'ing-floōr, a floor where grain is separated from the stalk.  
tōm'ā hăwk, the war ax of an Indian.  
trăns pâr'ēnt, that can be seen through.  
trăns plănt'ēd, removed to another place.  
trî'ăn'gle, a three-sided figure.  
trîl'î ūm, a plant that has leaves in sets of three.  
tri ple (trîp'le), three-fold.  
tŷ'rănt, a cruel ruler.

ŭn'ăl loyed', unmixed, pure.  
ŭn'ā vâil'ing, unprofitable, unsuccessful.  
ŭn eôn'scious (shŭs), not conscious.  
unc tion (ŭnk'shŭn), fervor, warmth.  
ŭn făth'ôm ă ble, cannot be measured.  
ŭ'nî fôrm, a special dress.  
ŭn prăe'tised (t), inexperienced, unskilful.  
U ri (ōō'rē), a canton of Switzerland.

ūs'āge, custom, use.

Ůt'ā wa, Ottawa.

vā'eant, empty.

vā'rī ē gāt'ēd, having marks of different colors.

vā'rī oūs, different, several.

vēer'ing, shifting, turning, changing.

věn'ēr ā ble, commanding respect, old.

vengeance (věn'jāns), revenge, unrestrained revenge.

ver'dānt (vûr), green, fresh.

ver'dûre (vûr), greenness, freshness.

vîl'lain, scoundrel, knave, rascal.

vî'ô lēnt lý, forcibly.

vi sion a ry (vîzh'ŭn ā rī), fanciful, imaginary.

viv'id lý, clearly.

warp, the threads which are extended lengthwise in the loom.

wharves, piers, places where ships land.

whîs'pēred, spoke softly.

wî't'něs ēš, those who testify in a cause.

wôn'droūs, marvelous, wonderful.

wōof, the threads that cross the warp in a woven fabric.

wrîn'kled, furrowed.

wrôught, worked.







